NEW STATESMAN
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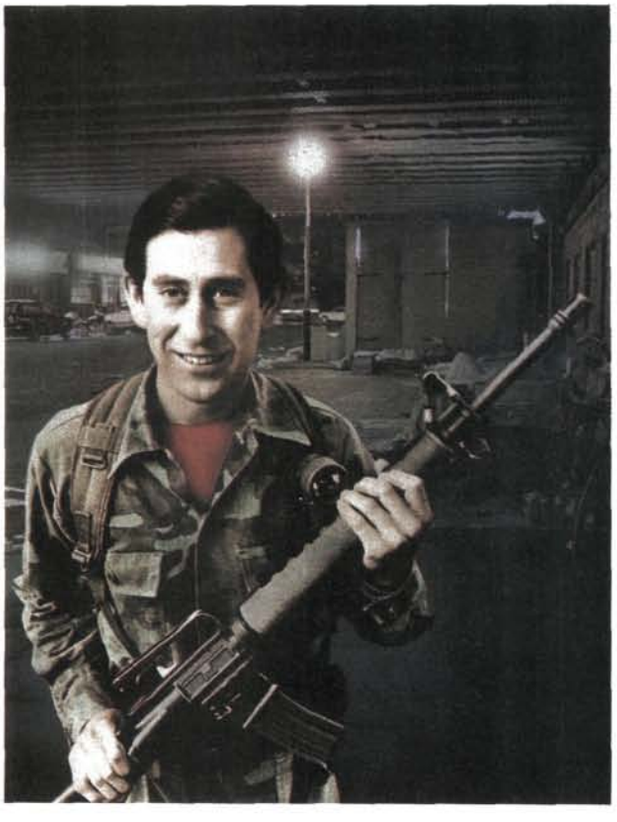
Charlie's Army



Our country needs a community army to take out the hooligans and protect the old, say the Good and the Great, led by Prince Charles. But they are marching into battle to Douglas Hurd's political tune

Marina Warner: tales of monstrous innocence

Yvonne Roberts: what's missing in the quality press

Norman Stone on Soviet democracy; Alex Cockburn: Israeli's iron fist

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THE SUNDAY TIMES

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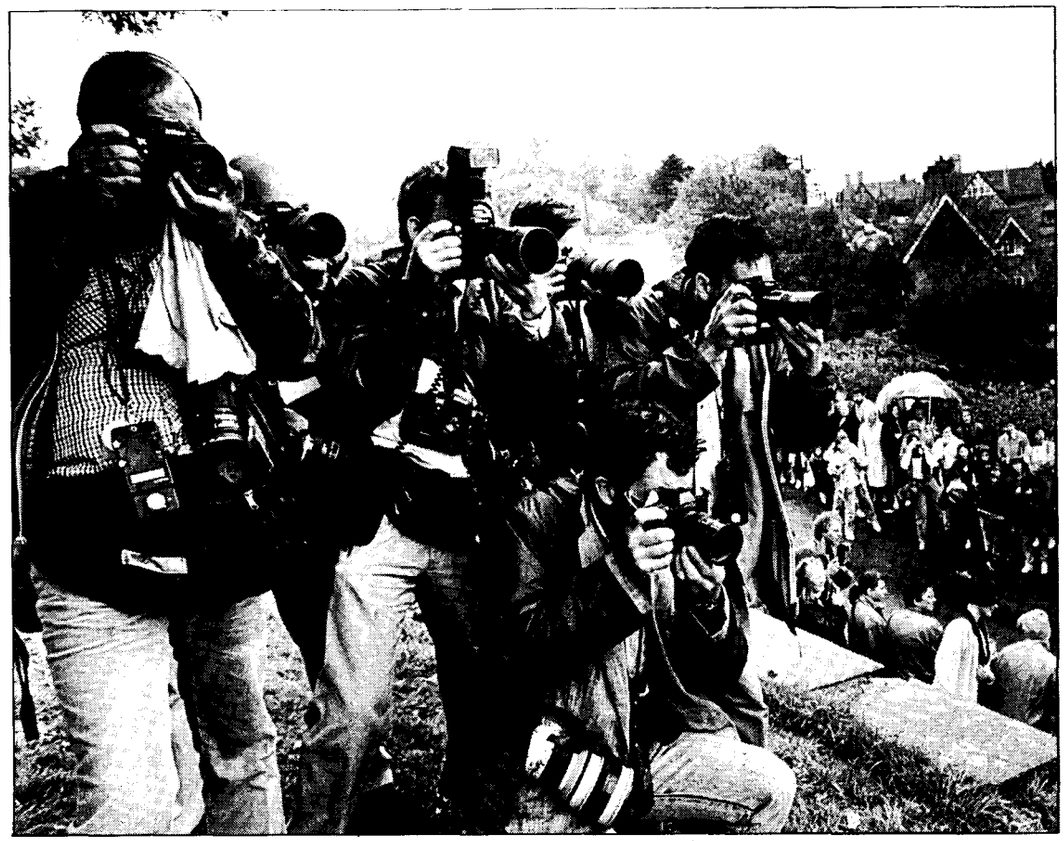

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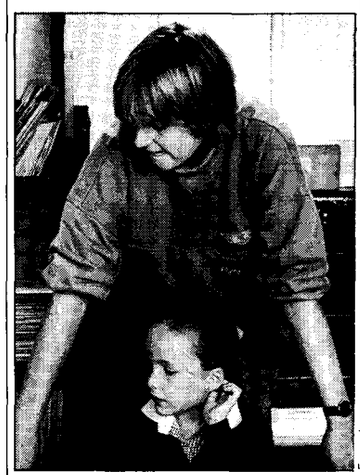

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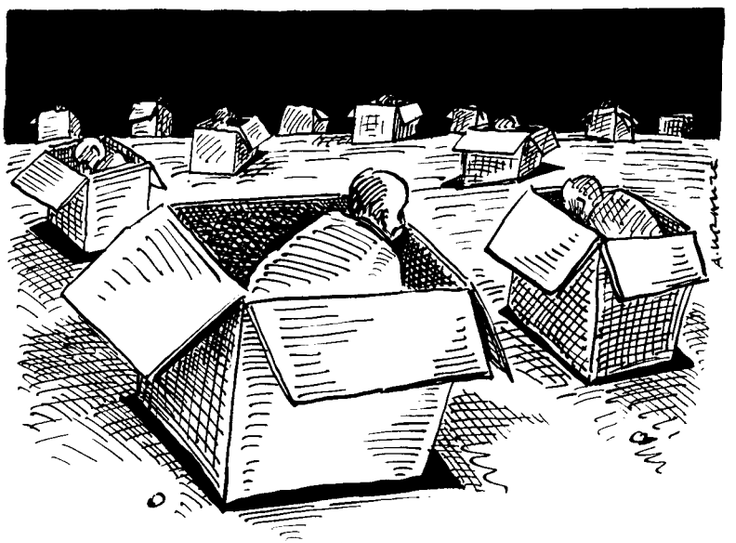
Fire this time

A young man fires a housing benefit office and commits suicide. But he won't be the last to express such angry despair



Andrzej Krauze

Consider the angry despair of Michael Rostron, the young man who so deliberately fired the housing benefit office in Blackburn; who fled from police officers by swinging, balcony to balcony, down the outside of a tower block; and who, when finally cornered by the police, dived to his death. Consider the fate of the housing official who was so severely, perhaps fatally, burned—by all accounts, a man who was deeply concerned by the very injustices and inadequacies of the regime for meeting the housing costs of the disadvantaged which drove Rostron literally to his wits' end. (Consider, too, the ethics of the tabloid journalist who asked: "Is there any skin on the carpet?")

The inquest into Rostron's death is taking place as we write. No doubt the quality of service which Blackburn's housing benefit office offers to claimants will come under the scrutiny of the media. It's less likely that the wider connection will be made, but it ought to be; and that is with the government's utter determination to drive through the so-called reforms of social security and housing benefit which made this and future tragedies inevitable.

The government was warned, early on, of the dangers involved in shifting the whole responsibility for housing benefits on to local authority housing departments. Social security offices, under the old regime, were used to making the emergency and other extra cash payments necessary to secure or keep a roof over the heads of people on the margins. (They did it imperfectly, but they *did* it.) But housing departments administered the comparatively new benefits system to a much slower rhythm and making immediate cash payments was quite alien to their culture. Moreover, the security which handling cash demands runs counter to the new culture of openness which Blackburn, like many local authorities, has been practising.

Housing departments could perhaps have adapted, but not to the government's exacting timetable for change and under the exacting financial constraints which the government has imposed on local authorities, especially the most hard-pressed. As in the schools and NHS, the government has pushed through drastic changes against the advice of everyone who is actually involved—but with two crucial differences. The first is that the income and housing needs of less well-off people don't arouse a general public interest; and second, the professionals involved don't have the political clout of doctors, nurses or even teachers. In other words, no one who really matters gives a toss for the likes of Michael Rostron or even the more "deserving poor" (to use the jargon) who rely on the state for their weekly income and a roof over their heads.

This crucial lack of *visibility* has allowed the government to push through astonishingly severe changes in social security and housing benefits, which have made life intolerably desperate and miserable for people on the margins of society. The government has cut back heavily on investment in the public housing to which they should be able to turn, while changing benefit rules to make it more or less impossible for them to pay the deposits, rent in advance or premiums necessary in the private sector which it favours.

The regulations, which now govern state benefits for people who have in the past lived in lodgings or bed and breakfast establishments, have now all but choked off that alternative for the really desperate. The position is worst of all in London, where a survey of some 600 cheaper hotels used by housing advisers has found only 15 which accept people within the DSS's limit of £48.30 a week, and only two which will accept payment in arrears from claimants.

The government's policy has been especially targeted on potentially homeless youngsters. Their benefits are kept deliberately low and don't come anywhere near meeting the costs of lodgings. The philosophy is simple: make life so miserable for them that they return home, or stay there in the first place. But many of them—a third in London, for example—literally have *no* home to go to.

It's very hard for the comfortably off majority to understand the awful insecurity of life in such circumstances, the frustrating humiliation of relying on an uncaring and unreliable state for the very basics of life, the combination of rage and resignation which such powerlessness inspires. The immediate scapegoats—officials in social security and housing benefit offices—are as powerless as claimants themselves to make the reforms necessary—reforms, incidentally, which Labour's Policy Review ducks. Public concern and expert opinion have failed—and they will continue to fail, in our view, until we come to share and swell the rage which our dispossessed fellow citizens express only in despair.

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On the fiddle

The Ferranti affair produces a rich harvest of irony. The raison dêtre of the now notorious Ferranti-International Signal and Control merger was to produce a new venture referred to from the start as "Fiddle"—Ferranti International Dynamics Ltd. Fiddle's creation was much encouraged by Michael Heseltine, while Defence Secretary, in pursuit of his desire—shown dramatically in the Westland affair—to ensure alternative sources of defence supplies.

Ferranti's claims to be unduly surprised by phoney paperwork should not be taken too seriously. The arms sales business lives on phoney paperwork, which is always necessary to provide two parallel sets of accounts—one which shows the "commission" payments, and one which does not. Domestic transactions are not exempt from this baksheesh, as a series of fraud cases over the years has shown. Ten years ago, two Racal executives convicted of corruption offences supplied the Old Bailey with a rather useful flow diagram of how Racal then played the percentages game. In western countries, the percentages are small and heavily disguised, but in states like Saudi Arabia and Nigeria a 30 per cent minimum is routinely demanded by government officials and their favourites. These fiddles have to be obscured by complex back and forward payments, stock transactions, and the shunting of credits in and out of overseas bank accounts. The smaller-fry on the embassy and arms dealing circuits do nicely out of false end-user certificates. No one should be surprised that, sometimes, when an arms company looks inside its coffers, the money and the goods are nowhere to be found.

Fair shares

Bryan Gould, Labour's spokesperson on Trade and Industry, has a smiling face, a soft voice and a sharp mind. He's the one who reassures the money-men that their futures are safe in Labour hands. Yet here he is, creating just what Labour wanted to avoid on the eve of its conference: a public row in the leadership over its real intentions towards Mrs Thatcher's new family of small shareholders created by privatisation.

The row is a response to an article he wrote in the *Financial Times* on 14 September. The article was thought up by him and Anne Taylor, Labour's water spokesperson. It doesn't threaten to punish small shareholders; it reads like an attempt to sink the flotation of the water authorities. "The government cannot afford a failure, either financially or—more importantly—politically," Gould wrote, referring immediately to the "fiasco" of the BP flotation. If the water flotation were a fiasco, Labour would be over the moon, and Gould's shaky place on the NEC would be secured.

What turned this into a political row was Gould's questioning of what a "fair market price" for water shares would be if Labour does—as it says it will in its Policy Reviews—restore public utilities to public ownership. There are, he says "special reasons for expecting that their value [water shares] might decline in the period between the election of a Labour government and the re-purchase of the shares". Shareholders would have to expect their shares to decline in value. What he should have said was: these shares are not being sold at the true market price. Like most stolen goods they come with a discount. And we have no intention of paying market prices to get them back.

But even his comparatively mild comments, addressed to *FT* readers and not the ordinary shareholder, have caused a furore. Gould can't win; if he's tough, shareholders feel betrayed, and if he's not, he's a traitor to his party. But this question has to be sorted out sooner rather than later: to have made a socialist party unelectable through irreversible privatisation would be the real legacy of Thatcherism.

Japanese glasnost

Japan has always baffled the west, never more so than today. It is the greatest economic success of the post-war world, yet it hasn't quite become the consuming social democratic society that we might have expected.

The differences from the west are vast and complex but they come down to one thing. The standard of living of the average Japanese citizen somehow doesn't seem anywhere as high as it should be. The traditional Japanese employee works long hours and travels great distances to his place of work. The traditional Japanese woman does very little. Because of the byzantine nature of the land laws and the retail system, most goods cost about twice as much in Japan as anywhere else in the west. Land, especially in the Tokyo area, is even more expensive. For generations, austerity was a virtue as well as a duty. Now more young Japanese are travelling abroad and discovering just how much they can buy with their strong yen. They are also starting to wonder why the same articles cost so much more at home.

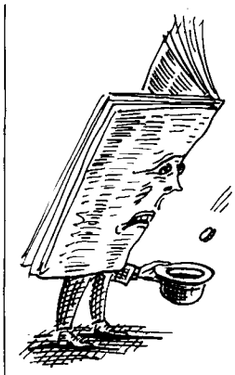
Much of Mrs Thatcher's lecture to the Japanese on their economy—on imitation whisky and admission to the stock exchange—will be considered impudent, irrelevant or peripheral. But when she criticises their retail system she will find herself banging on an open door. Japan has more shops than the United States. They are tied to their suppliers, which restricts customers' choice and hampers foreign companies trying to distribute goods within Japan. But the suppliers dominate the same pressure groups that make up the power base of the ruling Liberal Democratic party.

This is just one symptom of the pressure for political change. Japan is undergoing its own *glasnost*. Since the war an authoritarian, conformist society has produced vast wealth. Now people are rejecting that system, and no one is quite sure what will take its place. One beneficiary looks like being another formidable female politician, Takako Doi of the Japanese Socialist Party. *Glasnost* can cut both ways.

Panic politics

By next Thursday, Wandsworth Borough Council in London could be Labour-controlled. The forthcoming by-election, in a marginal Tory ward, is of more than purely local interest. Since 1978, Wandsworth electors have been the beagles in the Tory experiments in local government vivisection. And by targeting marginal areas for council house sales, the Tory cadres have tried to make sure they got the voters they thought they deserved. In 1987 the chair of the council's property sales committee, admitted: "We have sought not just to run Wandsworth more efficiently, but to change Wandsworth into a borough that will stay Conservative regardless of national swings."

The election may tip the balance. As a result, both sides have been somewhat panicked. Labour has picked squeaky-clean Hugh Thomson, the most interesting fact about whom is that he is a solicitor. The Tories are so unsure of themselves that their leaflets bear the tub-thumping message: "Kathy Tracey, your Tory candidate, presents her compliments." Manners maketh Man, but they won't win Wandsworth.



Whatever you think of the *Sunday Correspondent*, you can't criticise it for lack of optimism. Whereas a lesser paper might have called its first issue "no. 1" (as did the *News on Sunday*), the *SC* went for "no. 0001" implying that it intends to hang around for at least 192 years. The *London Daily News* adopted a similar numbering system, giving itself a projected life-expectancy of 32 years. It made it to no. 0126.

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LETTERS

Violence against women

In her article "The beast in man", (8 September) Lynne Segal casts doubt on the necessary link between violence and masculinity and proposes that we should return to a subcultural class analysis that links violence with power and the state.

By including in her definition football hooliganism and fracas among lesbian couples, she denies the root of the problem—that sexual violence, rape, serious battering in the home, child abuse and homicide are predominantly offences of men against women, committed by middle-class as well as working-class men. Criminal statistics show that it is men who are the perpetrators and women the victims of violence in the vast majority of cases. Feminists with very limited resources have sought to provide a rudimentary analysis of why this is so, unsupported by research funds, which have been denied them by research bodies run by men. Until the appointment of a few women criminologists in the past ten years or so, criminologists in Britain showed a singular lack of interest in studying violence against women at all. It is feminists who set up refuges, rape crisis centres and survivors' groups, feminists who organised to change the law. Even men who support feminist demands have done little to fight for a fairer legal system or support these initiatives.

Segal's article is therefore based on a false premise. It also contains a number of non sequitors.

First, she equates the construct of masculinity with men, arguing that since not all men are violent then masculinity and violence are not connected. This is synonymous with arguing that because some non-smokers die of lung cancer, lung cancer is therefore not associated with smoking. Second, to argue that the existence of violence in lesbian relationships weakens the link between masculinity and violence does not follow. Violence resulting in injury is very rare between two women and although women do sometimes kill men, the proportion of male to female murderers is seven to one, a third of whom have been subjected to long-term violence. Segal should define her terms more clearly before lumping all forms of violence together.

To blame feminists who have linked masculinity and violence for increasing the fear women feel to walk the streets is absurd. On the contrary, it is only feminists who have provided women with some support in escaping from violent men.

Most men do not, of course, support violence against women. However, there is a widespread condoning of sexual and violent offences (embodied in a legal system which women have good reason to have little confidence in). Blake Morrison expresses this aptly in his poem *The Ballad of the Yorkshire Ripper*:

"Our Peter were nivver a
nutter.
E'd allus a smile on t'face.
That Sonia nagged im rotten
Till e killed oors in er place."

"Cos that's the rub wi women,
They push us blokes too far
Till us can't be eld responsible
For bein what us are".

Ballad of the Yorkshire Ripper, Chatto & Windus 1987

Sue Lees
Polytechnic of North London
Prince of Wales Road
London NW3

Alternative power

British Nuclear Fuels' arrogant claim (Advertisement, *NSS*, 8 September) that the non-fossil alternatives to nuclear power are unworkable as measures to fight global warming is false and part of a nuclear con-trick.

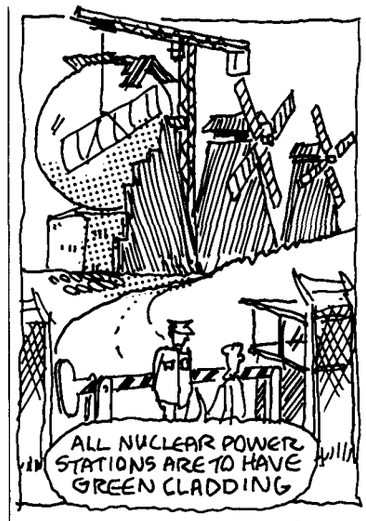
If windpower schemes are so unworkable one may wonder why the Dutch and the Danes are planning to derive 10 per cent of their electricity from wind by the year 2000.

Certainly we cannot supply all our power from onshore wind. However, by the time we are approaching the 17 per cent of electricity supply that the CEGB believes (conservatively) to be the maximum realisable potential of onshore wind we shall be developing offshore windparks whose potential is far greater.

If we, like the Swedish State Power Board, plan to reduce electricity consumption by up to 32 per cent by energy conservation, then wind, tidal and organic energy forestry from surplus farmland could *economically* supply the two thirds of electricity needs that BNFL says can come from nuclear power.

With even a half-decent research effort very large amounts of energy could come from wavepower and geothermal sources.

By contrast, on the Atomic Energy Authority's own admission,



supplying just half of the world's electricity from nuclear power would exhaust uranium resources in 30 years requiring adoption of the still unproven and highly unstable fast breeder reactor technology.

Fast breeders would magnify the present nuclear waste problem and, even more dangerously, leave a world swimming in plutonium. Is a nuclear winter a workable antidote to global warming?

Dave Toke
Energy Group
Socialist Environment and Resources Association
Birmingham

Poisoned potions

I was alarmed by the revelations in Duncan Campbell's and Nigel Townson's article "Pretty poison" (8 September).

I have been suffering from ME for four years now, and last year I was advised by a private doctor specialising in ME to take a course of germanium, 300mg a day.

Naturally wary, I sought information from both the doctor herself and health magazines. All the information I obtained was positive and therefore persuasive. I just assumed that, as with conventional medicine, the available literature was based on facts obtained from research.

As to why we, as sufferers, search for and then take such substances, probably only those who have had their lives devastated by a serious, debilitating illness will understand. Disenchantment with conventional GPs who even question the existence of our illness, years of suffering, and so on. All this understandably leads to feelings of desperation. Enter claims of recovery, improvement and, most importantly, the possibility of returning to our former lifestyles.

The hardest thing to accept is that no one has a cure for ME. Pumping into our bodies large quantities of possibly dangerous, untested substances is not the answer.

All we achieve is a substantial thickening in the lining of the pockets of these "saviours" with their potions.

I sincerely hope that your investigations will continue to contest and debase those void unqualified claims that are being made. It is only with such diligent research that we can begin to burst their cosy bubble.

H Davis
Pitsea
Essex

Perils of Perry

I am reluctant to engage in controversy with Mr Bruce Anderson (Letters, 15 September)

My article was an attempt to present, rationally if sharply, the causes of the *Sunday Telegraph*'s loss of direction, reputation and circulation. Perhaps a reasoned, fair-minded answer to that viewpoint exists. However, Mr Anderson quickly loses his way upon such alien ground and happily returns to an outpouring of personalised virulence.

Knowing his febrile nature I did not really wish to mention him by name, but then no listing of the shortcomings of the *Sunday Telegraph* would have been complete without it.

To minimise the extent of the inevitable frantic response I narrowly confined my comments to his inexperience (a background before attempting column writing, as a production assistant in TV). But since he has now underlined his political standpoint by writing in the *Sunday Telegraph* of older black South African businessmen "incongruous in the white man's suits, overfond, perhaps, of the white man's liquor", I might have added my own eyewitness experience of Mr Anderson in a Fleet Street wine bar, himself enjoying the white man's liquor and speaking with less oblique circumspection and sensitivity.

In Mr Anderson's contempt, the

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contempt of someone capable of writing so ignominiously about fellow humans, I rejoice. For the figure at the press table standing to applaud ministerial speakers at Conservative conference, the voyager on those helpful and regular late winter trips to the Cape, may be many things, none of them pleasant.

However, it is unnecessary reticence to say only that he "is not a writing journalist". Mr Anderson is not a journalist at all, a matter of some satisfaction for the rest of us.

Edward Pearce
Burton's Lane
Chalfont St Giles
Bucks

Sunday Telegraph affairs

Edward Pearce ("The perils of Perry", 8 September) knows less than he thinks about affairs at the *Sunday Telegraph*.

We gather, for instance, from Pearce (or from his ghost writer, who, being still in the building and easily identified, ought to know better) that Frank Johnson "invited" Harry Phibbs to write a piece for the paper. No such thing.

The piece in question was unsolicited and originally came to me through Phibbs's publisher. Johnson was so doubtful about it that he caused Phibbs's name to be removed, much to the latter's annoyance. Mr Pearce should change his source.

Nicholas Bagnall
The Sunday Telegraph
Peterborough Court at South Quay
181 Marsh Wall
London E14 9SR

Reviving Mrs Ward

In his review of Peter Keating's study of the English novel 1875-1914, *The Haunted Study*, ("The good, the bad and the bestseller", 8 September), Michael Wood quotes, with reluctant agreement, Keating's "simple fact" that the period had "no women novelists of a literary stature remotely comparable to that of James, Conrad, Hardy, Meredith, Bennett, Wells, Gissing, or a dozen other men".

But indeed there was a female novelist of comparable stature, and it is astonishing how she has disappeared from view. Mrs Humphrey Ward, who was a woman of hardly less formidable intellectual distinction than George Eliot, wrote during the years 1888 to 1900 five major novels which made a considerable impact on the "thinking public". Her two most immediately successful novels were *Robert Elsmere* and *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, both of them concerned with struggles of belief, faith, and non-belief or loss of faith. If *Elsmere* is somewhat solemn to our eyes, *Helbeck*, in my view (and in the view of everyone to whom I have recommended it), is a wonderful novel, one of the very few genuine tragedies in English fiction.

It only remains to add that nearly all of Mary Ward's novels have long been out of print, except for *Elsmere* and *Marcella*. *Helbeck*, which Penguin Books published in 1983 (it was to have had an introduction by Mrs Q D Leavis, but she died before writing it), is now once again out of print.

Boris Ford
General editor, The New Pelican Guide to English Literature
Alma Vale Road
Bristol

THIS ENGLAND

£5 book tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

● One of the company's most spectacular Dockland developments was Cascades, a large apartment block on the Isle of Dogs. Before the stock market crash some of the flats in Cascades had been sold several times over before they were completed and the first owner moved in. The flats were not to live in but to sell profitably.—*Financial Times* (D Hayes)

● As Martin and wife Lynda gathered round with 30 beaming guests ready for their son's big moment, their anger boiled over.

Lynda, 36, said: "It was a mockery and a farce. I felt so let down. He didn't baptise my son with holy water. It was from a tap."—*Daily Star* (George Moor)

● Screaming Lord Sutch's Monster Raving Loony Party was rocked by a split yesterday. Chief whip Stuart Hughes has quit. He said: "I objected when Sutch brought Madame Sin on our backwards walk to the Scilly Isles."—*The Sun* (George Moor)

The principles of SOUND Design
YAH?
WE IN THIS GOVERNMENT DO NOT BELIEVE IN THROWING MONEY AT A PROBLEM..
...SO HERE'S 20 MILLION QUID TO SPEND ON ADVERTISING ELECTRICITY PRIVATISATION!
YAH! YAH!!
WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE SELLING, MA?
AH...WELL- IT DOESN'T ACTUALLY EXIST YET!
HMMM—ADVERTISING SOME--THING THAT DOESN'T EXIST—THAT'S A TALL ORDER!
...BUT GIVE US ANOTHER 20 MILLION QUID AND WE'LL LOOK AFTER IT FOR YOU!
DONE!!
HEY GUYS! COME ON UP—WE'VE GOT A BIG ONE ON!
COME?
HEY! WE CAN'T GET IN!! THERE'S SOMETHING BLOCKING THE DOOR!
SHIT!!
LOOKS LIKE I GONNA HAVE TO DO IT MYSELF....I'D BETTER KICK SOME CONCEPTS AROUND....WHAT'S THE NITTY GRITTY SCENARIO HERE?
HMMM...THEY'RE BREAKING UP THE ELECTRICITY INDUSTRY INTO SEPARATE PARTS.....HMM.. ...PARTS..... SEPARATE.... I'VE GOT IT!!! "NATIONAL POWER: SEPARATE DEVELOPMENT" FUCK ME! I'VE EVEN GOT A COLOUR SCHEME!
WELL, MA'AM?
I EPSLUTELY ADORE THE 'T' SHIRTS! WELL DONE!! THE PUBLIC WILL BE PLEASED!!
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DIARY

Sean French

I have experienced little fear in my life. I've become nervous before exams and interviews but the only time I've experienced so much as a twinge of the genuine article—I could almost taste it—was when I appeared on-stage in a school play at the age of 16.

I was not a great success in the role and, in fact, my 11 lines were gradually pruned down to five during the course of my rehearsal as the director obviously realised I would never be able to deliver them in anything other than a sort of quavering Dalek intonation, which was not entirely appropriate for a 17th century costume piece.

Partly as a result of this trauma I've always had an inordinate admiration for the skills of stage actors, but I've also had a fear for them at the same time. Film and television actors are protected from the public and even a disastrous performance can, at least, be saved by skilful direction and editing. Nothing can protect a stage actor.

When I heard that Daniel Day Lewis had abandoned the role of Hamlet at the National Theatre (I can't call it the Royal National Theatre) not just in the course of the run but the middle of a performance, I was saddened but not surprised. I interviewed Day Lewis recently and I was startled by the intensity with which he spoke of stage acting.

He found the sheer vulnerability of the genre so painful that he rarely went to the theatre. His own performance had clearly become an almost unbearable burden. He talked of the straightforward physical pressure caused by sometimes having to play the longest role in the British theatre twice in a day. More devastating though, he said, was the actual psychological effect of taking on a role that demands everything from your own life that you can possibly give it.

By the end, according to reports, Day Lewis had started to see the ghost in the play as his own father, the late Cecil Day Lewis.

The paradoxical situation was that one of the most private people I've ever met was wrestling with his demons every night on stage in front of 1,500 people.

Film cannot match this sense of danger. My worst experience at the cinema is probably when I saw *Ice Station Zebra* at the ABC Kentish Town (now the Town and Country Club) and some disgruntled patrons tried to set fire to the cinema.

But at least Rock Hudson wasn't there to see it. Theatre, like life, always teeters on the abyss. A few years ago I remember watching Leonard Rossiter giving a brilliant comic performance as the policeman in a West End revival of *Loot*. Suddenly he forgot his lines. Not only that but he couldn't take a prompt. He had to leave the stage, consult the text (I assume) and then return and start again from the beginning of the scene.

It was only a few days later that Rossiter suddenly and tragically died during an interval of the same production and I've always wondered what effect that episode of forgetting his lines had on his health. (An actor once told me that the psychological effect of drying had been found to be equivalent to that of a major car crash.)

Stage actors are like matadors. We pay them to go in front of us and wrestle with dangers that most of us only experience in nightmares.

Now the leaves are turning brown and it is the season for books to be published. Each September the same two or three authors are interviewed across papers, each interview labelled exclusive.

I prefer Martin Amis's novels to his views on nuclear weapons and west London street life. The most interesting thing to emerge from the three press interviews with him that I saw recently was that he seemed to wear nothing but tennis gear.

Is that what he wears to write? I wondered. Or is it just a pose he adopts to give interviews? Or does he genuinely play tennis every day? The latter, according to his "exclusive" interview with Melvyn Bragg. But the sequence showing him actually playing the game did not necessarily confirm this assertion.

It has been argued that Amis's squalid fiction evokes the state of contemporary British urban life. This may be so but Amis's squalid backhand unquestionably evokes the state of contemporary British tennis.

E A Kirby, a dentist, wrote last week to say that my remarks about dental treatment and the National Health Service were "wide of the mark" and "ill-judged".

Readers may recall that my National Health-Service dental practitioner offered me a choice between losing my tooth entirely and paying a Harley Street specialist who would perform the delicate work needed to save it.

Kirby tells us that where "clinically appropriate" patients will be "given the choice of root treatment(s) under the NHS". This may be so, but patients can only respond to the options that are put to them. I have always been offered choices of treatment: inferior National Health or superior private.

I had an abscess, so I was scarcely in the mood to trawl round other dentists in search of options which not only did I not know about, but I didn't know I didn't know about.

Patients' perceptions of National Health dentistry may be wrong but they receive their false perceptions from their dentists.

In one of Keats's most famous letters he describes the position in which he was poised as he wrote that letter.

I am tapping away here, squatting on a strange, backless orthopaedic chair while outside the first-floor window, a few feet behind me, builders are beginning major work on the facade of the house.

It's a rather strange feeling. I suddenly feel not so much like a journalist, more like someone who is unconvincingly imitating a journalist in a high street window display. Or, even worse, a feeble actor, forgetting his lines in front of an uninterested audience of two.

ROGER WODDIS

The Mask of Clarkery

(After "The Mask of Anarchy", by Shelley

Kenneth Clarke, the Health Secretary, has attacked the ambulance workers' overtime ban for "threatening patients"

I met Ordure in the park—
He had a mask like Kenneth Clarke—
Glib of tongue and round of limb,
Seven cameras followed him.

Fiercely he condemned the ban
(Is this a robot or a man?);
And spoke with passion of a threat
By those eternally in debt.

From his eyes large teardrops fell
For all the injured and unwell;
They flooded his official car
And put an end to his cigar.

Though not inclined to waste his breath
On those who daily deal with death,
He feared one shift spent at the face
Would make of him a stretcher-case.

And while he wept for those in pain,
The greatest threat, he now made plain
To all except the deaf and blind,
Came from Ordure and his kind.

Rise like lions after slumber,
Now that you have got his number;
Shake the mask from creatures who
Shed huge tears and sicken you.
We are many—they are few.

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Charlie's army

As conflict over people's lack of rights hots up, Prince Charles, Douglas Hurd and an absurd Speaker's Commission have constructed the "Active Citizen". But, as Anthony Barnett reveals, this creature is an imposter

What will England be like after Thatcher? We have just been offered a preview in two linked interventions: the draft report of the Speaker's Commission on Citizenship and the latest moves from the Prince's Trust. Britain is, they tell us, heading for "the Fourth Dimension".

Initiated by Douglas Hurd, funded by Exxon, patronised by the Speaker of the House of Commons, its banners carried by the unlikely duo of Prince Charles and the former Labour leader of ILEA, Frances Morrell, a "community army" of 100,000 will step forward in the name of the Unselfish, to clean up the country's hooligan image and look after its old people.

DON'T LAUGH. It is significant. Some key values, of caring, community and a sense of society are being abused, perhaps fatally. In her ten years of power, Mrs Thatcher has made one bad ideological slip. She claimed there was no such thing as society, only individuals and families. Loyally seeking to repair the damage of this preposterous assertion, and less loyally seeking to project himself as the author of a strategy of his own, Douglas Hurd has promoted the concept of "active citizens". Others would call them vigilantes. Just as with the green issue, only more subtly, Tory politicians are now trying to take the initiative and "the moral high ground" on the individual and society.

If Douglas Hurd can get away with his idea of citizenship, it will further sour and spoil English paternalist political culture, which remains hypnotised by the lure of MBEs. This is Hurd's conclusion to a recent article in the *Independent*:

> The idea of active citizenship is a necessary complement to that of the enterprise culture. Public service may once have been the duty of an élite, but today it is the responsibility of all who have time or money to spare. Modern capitalism has democratised the ownership of property, and we are now witnessing the democratisation of responsible citizenship.

Try to say the last phrase out loud: "We are now witnessing the democratisation of responsible citizenship."

Why not real democracy rather than "democratisation"? What is the "responsible citizenship" we apparently have already that is waiting to be democratised? And why the qualification of "responsible"? Take *that* word away and you can begin to see what is going on.

Andrzej Krauze

"Democratisation of citizenship" in Britain, unblurred by the qualification of "responsible", would mean something. Perhaps only one thing. The one thing Hurd does not want to advocate. Namely, the process of attaching genuine political power to the sense of social belonging the British enjoy (for example, with a Bill of Rights). Instead, the old disabling presumption still continues its long ride. To write "public service may once have been the duty of an élite" obliterates the extraordinary traditions of public service that have characterised the British of all classes. Britain raised the world's greatest volunteer army in 1914. It was Hurd's élite that sent it to destruction. Second, it implies that public service means behaving like that élite, and internalising its norms.

The short-term calculation behind Hurd's argument is also evident. Welfarism is dying, and the best way to prevent its resurrection is to replace it. So Hurd encouraged the creation of a Speaker's Commission on Citizenship, which met on 28 January, two months after Charter 88 first argued the case for real political citizenship, entrenched in a new constitutional settlement.

The Commission describes the approach it has adopted as follows: "The Commission... wishes to argue for an enhanced vision of citizenship." Could this mean, at last, a Bill of Rights, or elections for the upper chamber, or genuine, local government? No. By "enhanced" the Commission means—"A vision that would add a fourth dimension to our notion of citizenship, which currently involves political, civil and social entitlements and duties."

The Commission is due to complete its report in December. It has published a draft report already, to soften up opinion and clear the way for the Prince to announce that 100,000 youngsters will levitate us to its vision. "The Speaker", the draft report tells us in awed tones, is a "personage" with a "pinnacle of prestige" lower only than that of "the Sovereign herself". This places it under a moral obligation "to produce a unanimous report".

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Do you hear the sound of an old trap trying to close? No group worth its salt should need to be told in such terms that unanimity is needed. And good individuals from a diverse range of important bodies are members of the Commission. Among them are Rodney Bickerstaffe of Nupe, John Monks of the TUC, Labour MP David Blunkett and Democrat MP Simon Hughes.

But with the exception of the chair, Maurice Stonefrost of British Rail pensions, and his deputy, Elisabeth Hoodless, of Community Service Volunteers, the Commission's working party of eight is drawn entirely from educational administrators. For the Commission's brief is to establish "criteria for recognition" for Active Citizenship; the draft report states: "Tangible ways need to be found to give public recognition to the voluntary contribution of citizens... *A new high-status, non political awards system is needed*" (My emphasis).

This will involve the establishment of "a nationwide scheme" that will allow employers and "those selecting entrants for courses of higher education" to "take the completion of a period of voluntary service into account when making their choice".

Now we can begin to see what is happening. The Fourth Dimension is a close relation of the familiar First Dimension ("Look out for No. 1"). Voluntary work will become a qualification, just like passes in GCSE and at A level. For it could be said—if you twist our language through the time warp and leave it to linger in the phantom zone—that young people "actively volunteer" for academic qualifications, which indeed offer high status awards.

The slippage from the voluntary to the volunteer is a move from the civilian to the military. The first is not just freely given, it is freely continued, self-guided, autonomous and independent. The second is a form of conscription that avoids overt coercion. And the repetition of military comparisons is frequent in the debate on this subject.

In May, Dr Goodson-Wickes MP proposed a Friday motion in the Commons: "This House confirms its commitment to the role of the active citizen and voluntary organisations in society." He referred to people's desire to belong to Burke's "little platoons". He went further still, proposing "Active Citizenship *in uniform*" (his capitals). Another area that excited him was the secondment of employees to the voluntary sector by companies, and he gave the example of "Our major companies such as IBM...". Then he continued by recommending to the Commons the pilot scheme of the Prince's Trust along with *Service for the Nation*, a Royal College of Defence Study on "the non-military possibilities of this type of initiative".

This month the Prince proposed "a volunteer community army", no less. In the *Guardian*, Melanie Phillips admired the consensus of left and right on the Commission that has embraced "the active citizen... the new moral soldier". Simultaneously, in his *Independent* article, Hurd regurgitated Burke on everyone's desire to be attached to the "little platoon"; to which he added, how much better than the "corporatist battalions".

Voluntary workers: Right Turn! You are about to become volunteers and have your Active Citizenship measured by no less a personage than the the Speaker and his Commission.

Stuart Hall once wrote of the left, who admittedly are worse on this than the liberal centre: "The truth is that traditionalist ideas, the ideas of social and moral *respectability*, have penetrated so deep inside socialist consciousness that it is quite common to find people committed to a radical political programme, underpinned by wholly traditional feelings and sentiments."

Today in a confused and sometimes desperate way people are in thrall to Mrs Thatcher. So much so they often no longer see what she and her policies are doing. So much so they may advance the logic of her policies even when they oppose her style and predelictions. In a memorable essay on British politics (*NSS*, 3 February 1989), Michael Ignatieff dismissed the notion of the active citizen as unbelievable:

> Each hymn to the active citizen is shadowed by unstated but menacing disapproval of the passive citizen... Try as it might, Conservatism cannot make it to the unifying higher ground. Its language of citizenship, intended to unite, only serves to divide.

Fig. 2

Ignatieff showed how demobilising and dehumanising is the left's alternative tradition of compassion and passive entitlement. His critique of Labour complacency has rarely been bettered. But his diagnosis of the Conservative right is academic rather than political, charging it with inconsistency. "There is nothing wrong with Mrs Thatcher's values," he wrote. "Putting freedom first is what liberal society has always stood for." Conservatism simply suffers from a "deep incoherence" between its advocacy of private freedom and its refusal to provide the means to allow all citizens to be free.

But Thatcher's values are not and never have been the freedom of others. To grant this is to grant her words legitimacy and to fail to see the reality. With British politicians, you don't read their lips, you watch what they do with their hands. Mrs Thatcher's values are demonstrated in a series of actions designed to accomplish her declared desire to eliminate socialism. She seeks to eradicate the means that enable other people to be different. She wants freedom all right—her freedom. Her period of office has seen a *Gleichschaltung*, a bringing into line of British institutions, a wiping away of autonomy, independent thought and action in, for example, local government, the civil service, the NHS, education, broadcasting and even science.

However, Thatcher needs an ideological construct that will make people feel free while she takes their freedom away. The "incoherence" that Ignatieff objects to is not deep, it is shallow. It is called the party political broadcast. Once it was the appeal to economic emancipation and enterprise. Now Conservatism feels the need to be bolstered by concepts such as Active Citizenship.

In addition, appeals to such activity are a spoiling operation, to make sure that the more fundamental concepts of citizenship are displaced. The Conservatives need a controlled form of "citizenship" to balance their centralisation of power. Hurd's Active Citizenship has been conceived with this in mind. Its function is to divide, to co-opt, to atomise and diminish voluntary self-activity that is not licensed by Whitehall. There are many marvellous, variegated, multi-stranded traditions of voluntary work in the United Kingdom, charitable, trade unionist and cultural. Far from being encouraged by idiot-speak about the Fourth Dimension they will be reduced to the level of a "resource" to be exploited. The hedgerows and thickets of voluntary work will be levelled by the volunteer army of the future King.

The degree of calculation is striking. Once when Charter 88 was mentioned, one of Hurd's subordinates commented: "We are keeping an eye on it although it doesn't represent a challenge to Conservative intellectual hegemony as yet." They realised, however, he went on, that its potential for uniting the left around a coherent political programme was to be taken seriously. (If the Conservatives are using terms like hegemony—accurately, note—they must be desperate.)

Why, then, does Labour not seize on a real democratic agenda, expose the falsehoods and hypocrisy of Hurd, and exploit the popularity

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that would unite all who feel degraded by living under Thatcher's policies? One reason stands out: Labour leaders still loathe pluralism nearly as much as the Tories. They helped to build the compact of interests represented by the Great British State. They wish to repossess it.

The suffocating atmosphere of state-centred, postwar Labourism acts as the velvet glove to the iron hand of Tory ambition in the Speaker's Commission, as the two traditions cooperate to head off political democracy. Here, indeed, the inconsistency is laughable. It is true, the Commission is obliged to note, that "there is no comprehensive constitutional settlement relating to the rights of individuals in the UK... As a result individuals' freedoms must be residual." But rest assured, it continues, "The fact that Parliament, rather than the Executive, is sovereign, protects the individual's position through the democratic political process."

Such is prose in the phantom zone. Under our noses the right to silence, the right to see elected representatives in the United Kingdom interviewed on television, the right to trial by jury if, as a civil servant, you reveal a government crime, the right to join a union, all these have been removed by the executive. And in many cases by that supposed patron of the small platoons, Douglas Hurd himself. As Home Secretary he has the power to issue warrants for the bugging and burgling of private property "in the national interest". During the second reading of the Security Service Bill last December, Hurd informed the House of Commons how he was defining what is in effect MI5's terms of reference: the "national interest" was "the survival or the well-being of the nation as a whole". Then the guardians of British freedom went home to enjoy their Christmas turkey.

At least some honour was saved. Two Tory MPs, Richard Shephard and Jonathan Aitken, tried to amend the Home Secretary's definition so that his power to order bugging and burglary would not extend to people who continue Britain's fine traditions of dissent. Their plea was rejected. Now watch the skies. For if Active Citizenship concerns "the well-being of the nation as a whole", which Hurd evidently believes it does, and if you show signs of opposing it, MI5 can be ordered to take an interest in your zippers.

The intellectual and political dereliction of the Speaker's Commission goes further still. Despite its primary concern with the Fourth Dimension, the Commission document gravely declares that it has "adopted the framework" of the utterly three-dimensional T H Marshall, a sociological apologist for the postwar settlement. He argued that the British had gained their stake in society through a process of loyalty. Notoriously, the weakness of his analysis was its evasion of the political instance proper. "Citizenship," the Commission quotes Marshall as writing, "is a status bestowed on all those who are full members of a community."

Consensus politics bites back! This is the paternalistic waffle that has broken all political confidence in Labour. Citizenship is not bestowed, *de haut en bas*; it roots sovereignty in the people themselves. The revulsion that such tones as Marshall's now cause is easy to sense and understand.

My first conversation about the Speaker's Commission and the Prince's army of active citizens was with a student. "I thought about it on the bus," she said, "and I decided that I would never, never, never join, I'd rather go to prison. They are not active citizens, they are just subjects with a social conscience."

If you oppose Active Citizenship, then MI5 can be ordered to take an interest in your zippers

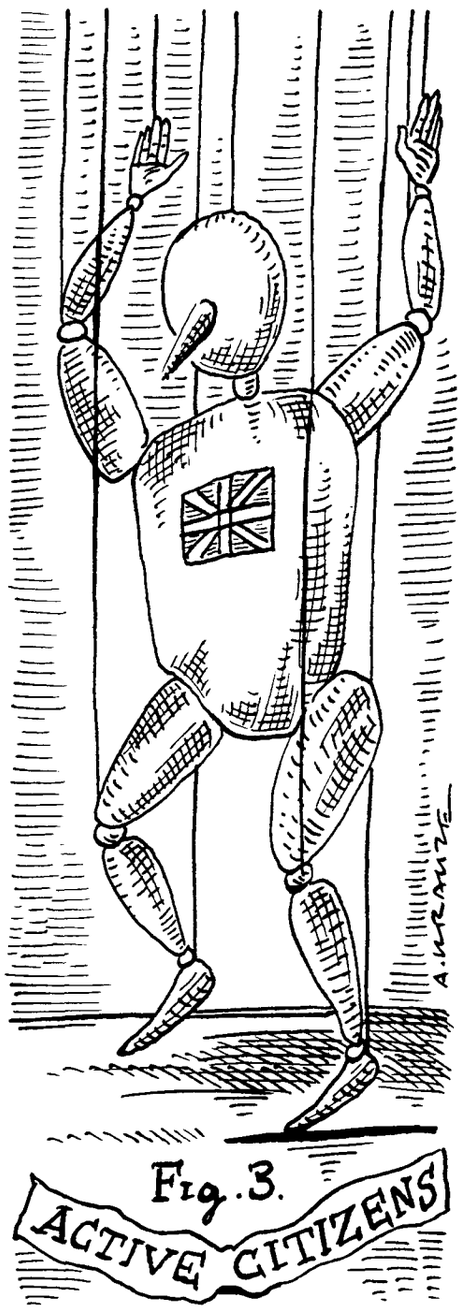

Fig. 3. ACTIVE CITIZENS

The rage and resignation among British youth are twins, like the anger you see in people's eyes on an average working day in London, and the passivity of their body language. In the *Guardian* Melanie Phillips opened her account of the offical launch of the active citizen with a contrast of this kind just where the connection demands to be made:

> In one week we've seen the two faces of British youth. On Wednesday night we saw the ugly reflection of football hooliganism in Stockholm. A few days previously, the Prince of Wales stepped through the looking glass to offer an alternative image of a caring and concerned younger generation when he revealed his initiative to set up a volunteer army of up to 100,000 young people to work alongside the professional caring services.

Even in Romania they might hesitate to write about a 40-year-old father of two as a youth leader. It is time to leave the phantom zone and get back to earth, where royalist journalism, creepy commissions and quotes about the bestowing of citizenship, *causes* the violent revulsion it is apparently designed to assuage. The umbilical connection between yobs and toffs, that cripples and imprisons so much of the strength and energy of British life, is reinforced by projects like Charlie's Army.

The influence of the Prince is not necessarily benevolent. One small example: in his struggle to keep architecture subservient to family values (let us not ask which family), it is noticeable how crudely polemical the Prince's supporters have become. When Auberon Waugh reviewed Maxwell Hutchinson's critique of the Prince in the *Independent*, he found the advocacy of taste, distinct from his own, unbearable and concluded: "Just kick him and hold him upside down until the money falls out of his pockets."

If this is how Charles is defended by someone who is articulate, reasonably paid, and held in esteem, imagine the feelings of those on the other side towards the active citizens upon whom the prestige awards for voluntary service are going to be bestowed; awards for disinterested contributions to the community that will conveniently ensure a university place or a better job.

Active Citizenship is not simply an evasion of the undemocratic realities of Britain today, it is a provocation; an attempt to seize the initiative on citizenship so that citizenship can burn; an exploitation of those who give freely, so that they will desist from giving in their own way, in their own style and with their own values.

For the British to be citizens, they must have a constitution. For the coming crisis in welfare to be tackled, everybody should feel equally that their rights belong to them. Instead of evaluating the voluntary contribution of their subjects, the Speaker's Commission on Citizenship should address itself to this fundamental question. Let citizens be active. But let's be clear that there can be no such thing as an active citizen in the United Kingdom until there are *actual* citizens. All the rest is dangerous nonsense from the Fourth Dimension. ●

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Your obedient public servant

Kenneth Clarke's refusal to refer the ambulance drivers' pay dispute to binding arbitration points up the dilemma confronting the government in its search for ways to ban strikes in essential services. For arbitration—the course the government was urging the railway workers to take during the rail strikes this summer—is one of the classic ways of resolving disputes where workers are denied the right to strike.

Clarke, well aware that the ambulance drivers run the risk of alienating public opinion, has opted for the government's preferred mode of behaviour: confrontation. Every year since 1980, part of the public sector has been scarred by dispute. In steel, the civil service, railways, water, coal, education, health, the Post Office and prisons, the government has faced trial by combat over pay, job cuts and working practices. Its nominated managerial champions have performed stoutly.

But public sector trade unions have been giving their managements a pasting this summer. The major strikes in transport, local authorities and the BBC have provided the spectacle. But the quiet deals of 9 or 10 per cent or more in, for example, electricity supply, Royal Mail Parcels and local authority manual work, must be causing the Chancellor even more worry. They offer fat targets for other union negotiators, encouraged by the fall in unemployment, frustrated by years of wage restraint and determined that their members won't suffer from the recent inflation.

Throughout the 1980s, cash limits have been the main way the government has controlled public sector pay. Success has depended heavily on meeting and beating union challenges to these limits. From now on such a strategy is riskier. Which is why the Employment Secretary Norman Fowler has recently been in the United States, exploring alternative remedies, like a ban on strikes in essential services and a mandatory cooling off period.

Fowler's colleagues aren't exercised by the moral dilemma about denying strike freedoms to a large segment of the workforce. Tory philosophy has already taken care of that. And the government can point to other democracies, like the US and France, where similar curbs are imposed. The real issues are whether the government can get away with it; and how disputes will be sorted out once strikes are made unlawful. The opposition of the newly buoyant unions will probably be intense. So far the government has avoided concerted resistance to its legal innovations by adopting an incremental approach. Removal of the right to strike in what are now the heartlands of trade unionism would provide an issue around which the TUC could at last marshal resistance. Even the electricians' union, the EETPU, which fell out with the TUC over strike-free deals, would recoil at the prospect of strike bans imposed by law.

So the government would have to come up with alternatives to strike action, not only to convince public opinion of the fairness of any legislation, but also to oil the processes of collective bargaining. One such alternative is arbitration. Another is to remove some sensitive issues, like wages, from collective bargaining altogether. This means an extension of the pay reviews that now cover nurses, doctors and dentists, or of pay indexation (police and firefighters). Without arbitration or some similar machinery trusted by the unions to be independent of (and binding on) the government, banning strikes in the essential services would merely turn industrial action into a hit and run guerrilla war, led by clandestine groups of shop stewards. Activists on London Underground have already shown just how effective a tactic this can be.

Removing the right to strike would provide an issue around which the TUC could at last marshal resistance

The trouble is that the government isn't too fond of arbitration, reviews and indexing as a general way of settling public employees' pay. They go against the grain of its ambitions. To create a sleek and cost-efficient public sector, the government wants flexible, market-oriented pay structures. It sees arbitration, reviews and indexes as cementing pay rigidities by giving comparability more prominence in wage-fixing than productivity, market and performance criteria. Memories of the Clegg Comparability Commission still linger. Inherited from the Labour government in 1979, it saddled the first Thatcher administration with substantial awards to state employees just when cutting public expenditure was its priority. Since Clegg's abolition, the government has been determined to break the power of nationally calculated earnings comparisons.

Its long-term aim is to "balkanise" public sector industrial relations—to break up the massive centralised bargaining units that produce uniform pay and conditions across the country as well as dangerous national strikes. Pioneered in steel and coal mining, both the result of unions losing disputes, the plan is now firmly on management agendas in the NHS, the civil service, education and the railways. The government ideally wants to see decentralised bargaining rooted in local cost centres and sensitive to local labour markets. The bonus is that unions would find it more difficult to mobilise members nationally. Grievances would tend to be parochial and any resulting strikes far more tractable.

Privatisation plays a role here: not the selling off of monopolies like British Telecom and British Gas, where the increase in competition is strictly ersatz; rather the tendering out of services such as laundry, cleaning and rubbish collection, and the deregulation of bus routes. Such micro privatisation makes public employees only too conscious of the price of non-unionised labour and encourages them to sacrifice national pay rates in order to hang on to their jobs. And, where services are in private hands, they continue to be performed during public sector stoppages.

If balkanisation had gone faster, the government might not have had to face the issue of outlawing strikes in essential services and the prospect of a baroque structure of arbitration, review, and indexing instead. But, as the railways and the tubes demonstrated, when pay unrest meets management reform proposals, the wheels of change tend to grind even more slowly. So the government is left with what is essentially a fall-back option.

But how to define "essential services"? A blanket strike ban in a public sector of six million workers is not on. Clerical workers in the Home Office are not essential in the same sense as train drivers or refuse collectors. But, more subtly, can computer operators at the VAT collection centre, who cost the state millions in lost revenue during the the 1981 civil service strike, be regarded as equally essential? Or those who handle the pension and social security computers, where the sufferers from disruption are the aged and claimants? The government will have to decide on half a hundred

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What would the government have to offer to get away with a ban on strikes in essential services? Stephen Dunn and David Metcalf examine the options

questions like these. Nor could it confine its deliberations to the public sector. Telecom, gas, electricity and water would have to enter the calculation, along with, say, oil delivery drivers and dockers.

A way out of the problem is to enact an emergency procedure by which the Employment Secretary could, in the national interest, seek to delay a specific strike, either indefinitely or for a limited cooling off period. Although the latter has the reputation of merely increasing frustration on the union side and making a dispute less amenable to settlement, there is no reason why this should inevitably happen. Its virtue, from the government's angle, is that it would make an elaborate new edifice of arbitration, review and indexing unnecessary. Existing collective bargaining arrangements would remain and ministers could choose when to interfere. If ministers are reluctant to interfere, they may choose to leave it to the employers to trigger the emergency procedures.

Such a proposal would seem to offer the government the line of least resistance. In effect, it would give explicit statutory support to the Court of Appeal's judgment, during the docks dispute, that the public interest, rather than merely those of employers, unions and other specific parties, should be taken into consideration when injunctions are granted to stop industrial action.

Whatever the method used to render essential services strikes unlawful, unofficial industrial action will still take place. In theory, the absence of ballots in unofficial strikes already makes them unlawful. The catch is that, provided that the union repudiates them, the courts cannot get at its funds. In defying an injunction, shop stewards only jeopardise their own assets—serious enough when contempt fines are unpaid and the bailiffs and prison beckon, but likely to create folk heroes rather than to drive strikers back to work. But even finding stewards to slap writs on is becoming difficult enough. The more the law threatens them, the more they will learn the skills of the pimpernel strike, shifting action from place to place on erratic schedules ahead of the writs.

A legal countermeasure would involve making unions liable even for repudiated strikes. However, such a change would sit uneasily alongside existing Tory legislation which is aimed at helping union members to control their leaders. Union liability for unofficial strikes, by contrast, would require leaders to control their members.

A second option is to amend the unfair dismissal provisions to permit selective sacking of the unofficial strike leaders. But legal approval for management victimisation of employees might seem less than even-handed, or even vindictive.

The obvious way to avoid pimpernel responses by stewards is not to use a bigger legal stick, but to offer the carrot of binding arbitration, pay reviews or indexing. Of the three, indexing, followed by review, would be the government's least favourite for widespread application. Indexation ties wage rises to wage inflation and would prevent any pay restraint policy in the public sector. Indeed, the fact that indexed police and fire brigade pay has risen faster than the general run of public employees' earnings during the 1980s is one of the ambulance drivers' main complaints. Review bodies produce a similar result. Nurses, doctors, dentists and the armed forces have all done well out of awards based on reviews. The government seems to accept these results as a tacit reward for workers who don't indulge in strikes. It would be far more reluctant to see such rewards spread far and wide across the public sector.

Arbitration is a safer bet although it does not necessarily use the criteria the government would wish

Greater use of arbitration is a safer bet. The public sector unions are familiar with the process. It is written into many bargaining procedures and often used. Its defects are revealed when it becomes an issue for dispute in its own right. Can one side unilaterally seek arbitration or not? Is it binding? What are the sanctions if one side ignores its rulings? Will the government allow management to abide by it? Although ministers castigated the rail unions for not going to arbitration in the recent dispute, they have generally frowned on the process, mainly because arbitrators do not necessarily use the criteria—affordability and the market—that the government would wish. The perennial fear is that arbitration panels will merely split the difference between the two claims and wash their hands of the consequences.

Fowler may come back from the States with final offer (or pendulum) arbitration in his briefcase. Widely used in the American public sector, it is best known over here in the context of the EETPU and its strike-free agreements. For that reason unions tend to see it as tainted. And, because the arbitrators have to choose between one side or the other rather than plonk themselves in the middle, it is sometimes regarded as anti-collective bargaining. In fact the contrary is true. Its "winner takes all" risk means that, before going to arbitration, management and union have to jockey their respective offers to a point where each stands a chance of getting the arbitrator's decision.

The "chilling" effect of normal arbitration, where neither side makes a realistic offer and lets a third party make the compromise, is avoided. Indeed, such are the manoeuvres before the pendulum hearing, that management and unions frequently find themselves reaching agreement without its help.

The questionmark against the pendulum is the extent to which it can cope with complex, multi-issue negotiations involving both pay and changes in working practices. As public sector managements are increasingly trying to link the two, this raises a substantial doubt. In the United States, however, where incidentally unions tend to do rather well out of the pendulum, sophisticated issue-by-issue arbitration is developing which offers an answer.

Any government proposal to outlaw strikes in some or all essential industries will cause uproar in the labour movement. Now that unions are beginning to recover from the shell-shock of unemployment, their defence of what they see as basic rights is likely to leave the government shaken.

If a strike ban is not accompanied by alternative ways of settling disputes, industrial relations in the essential services will be poisoned. Pendulum arbitration would seem to be the most plausible antidote. But it would have to be accompanied by a cast-iron, legally backed guarantee of freedom from political interference. That might stick in the government's craw. But as Maurice Chevalier said when asked what it was like growing old: "Not so bad, when you think of the alternative." ●

Stephen Dunn is a lecturer and David Metcalf a professor in the industrial relations department of the London School of Economics.

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Something missing

The Sunday Correspondent claims to plug a gap, but it has overlooked the biggest one of all—women. Yvonne Roberts reports

After 21 months of "thinking", as Peter Cole, the editor tells us in his introductory letter, the *Sunday Correspondent* has finally appeared, the answer to "something missing" on a Sunday. But "something" clearly is still missing. Look through the pages of the newspaper and count the number of women. Five appear in its pages—and three of those feature in a full-page advertisement: air stewardesses plugging TWA.

The remaining two—one a PR for the Green Party, the other a fashion model—are buried deep within the newspaper. What we have instead, is the current creaky wagon train of familiar male names, already raided by every other newspaper; Kenneth Branagh, Martin Amis, Kenneth Clarke, David Bellamy, Bob Dylan, etc.

In last week's *Correspondent*, women weren't even allowed a supporting role in their traditional media guise. A piece on the iniquities of the legal aid system is illustrated by a *male* single parent; the passage of East Germans into Hungary is accompanied by a weeping *father* holding his child. Women remain invisible even in a piece by Jeremy Laurance about the fact that, in some parts of Britain, women face three times more chance of dying of cancer. Why not illustrate the raw facts with real people? Goodness me, no. On page five, the invisibility becomes more disturbing. A news report by David Utting quotes "unpublished figures" from the British Crime Study as proving that fear of "violent crime among women is "out of all proportion to the actual risk". These figures show that while one in five women feel "very unsafe" walking at night, "fewer than one in 70" claim to have been attacked in the past year. Isn't that enough to make women feel unsafe?

Perhaps the *Correspondent* has solved the problem for which almost no "quality" Sunday (or daily) has yet managed to find a solution: what to do about women? What we don't want is to have them grazing through the whole of the newspaper. A J P Taylor condemned newspapers as "the inter-departmental memorandum of the élite". He might usefully have stuck the word "male" before élite.

Axel Scheffler

Too few women are allowed in on editorial conferences to influence any change

Women—or that adman's creation, Post-Feminist Women, Barbies with a Bank Balance—have saved *Today*. The *Daily Mail* has long been fuelled by its reliance on a middle-class woman who occasionally wants nobody and nothing to be better off than her. But the "qualities", until recently, have always preferred the laager approach. On the *Sunday Times*, it used to be the Look pages; on the *Observer*, it is Living; on the *Guardian*, it is Guardian Women; on the *Telegraph* it is Wednesday Matters and Friday Matters (but not the rest of the week?).

Once upon a time, the objectives of all were the same, a dumping ground for "things" women are supposed to like. But in the past few years, the laager has been infiltrated. It's OK now for men to cook, so it's men who write about food. And it's men who have moved in on design. And who knows best what else women want? Why, men of course. So almost every female women's page editor has regularly had the mix she has organised challenged, if not critically disturbed. At the *Guardian*, a change of women's editor is imminent. At the *Observer*, Anne Barr has been removed. At the *Independent*, Penny Jackson on Living has had a tough battle.

While at the *Sunday Times*, Look has been replaced by Style and Society, an odd manifestation of Gucci Guilt. Here, the boys haven't simply whinged and whined, they've actually moved in their own set of furniture. The "style" section is simply a mini-men's magazine: Paul Keers, editor of *GQ*, two weeks ago, writing on best-dressed men; the battle between Tom Wolfe and Norman Mailer; the opening of the Academy Club for the self-selected "literati". And who cares? Forget the "Society" side of this schizophrenic section. "To get an idea of our fellow countrymen's miseries," George Eliott once wrote, "we have only to look at their pleasures."

In the early seventies, the laager was easier to manage—women as victims; women as pioneers (the first female lorry driver, the first female oil rig engineer); women as Superwo-

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men. Later, the pages were turned over to glitz and perfectly acceptable "look at life" items—with just a hint of social issues (teenage suicide; childcare; anorexia and bulimia). In the Thatcherite eighties, glitz spread out from the laager and smothered almost all of the rest of the paper. And the rise of section journalism meant "women's pages" were drained of education, health, environmental and social issues.

What has filled the vacuum? An obsession with oddly shaped reading lamps; male dress designers and Women Who Live With Difficult Men (or, as an alternative, Women Who Don't Live With Anyone but who do have the consolation prize of running a multinational corporation). Insofar as women's lives have any identity, it is usually in the shape of A Problem. But, after two decades of feminism, the only basic problem remains men's resistance to change—on issues such as low pay, lack of childcare facilities, unequal opportunities.

While women, be they from the left or right or apolitical, strange as it may seem, enjoy humour and sex (and not necessarily with their husband) and friendship and children and travel and fun and—just like men—they are trying to balance their needs with the needs of others. And maybe they like escapism and erotica and reading about the lives not of celebrities (magazines cover them) but of "unknown" yet highly idiosyncratic people. But where in today's morass of print are they extended that opportunity?

A female reader likes to pick up a newspaper and find something of herself or her interests or her gender reflected throughout. Instead, she discovers a team of male columnists; a squadron of male critics; news and foreign coverage which often serve up acronyms and abstract arguments instead of grounding information in human beings. Plus, again and again, a total lack of coverage of issues which concern her. And too few women are allowed in on editorial conferences to influence any change.

Instead, frequently, it's not just the content but the vocabulary and innuendo which is now not so much offensive as simply tedious. Take the *Independent* two weeks ago. Tim McGirk, in Madrid, wrote: "Carmen from Seville is turning the heads of many Spaniards these days. This Carmen though, is not Bizet's almond-eyed temptress (sic). She is a dark-haired beauty who reminded one writer of Goya's famous Maja..." The point of the story is that Carmen Gonzalez, a teacher, feminist and political activist, married to the Prime Minister, is standing for parliament. And the *Independent* wonders why it has problems attracting female readers.

In 1984, after three years as the *Guardian* women's editor Frances Cairncross wrote a farewell feature, before joining the *Economist*. She suggested that the women's page has become "more and more about human relations rather than simply about women". She asked: "Do we... need a second page called Guardian Men? Or ought the page to be more about people and less about women?"

What's happening now, it seems, is that men not only have the newspaper—they have the women's pages too. In a highly competitive field, the reverse should be happening; so more fool them. The *Sunday Correspondent* is absolutely right, something definitely *is* missing: it's male common sense. ●

Royal hacks

At the nearly Royal Wedding, Helen Chappell watches the rain-sodden hacks as they watch the glitterati arrive at church

At 10am in a function room at Claridges, a handful of hacks are already drinking coffee from crested cups dispensed by snooty waiters. A low conspiratorial buzz ("Is there any nosh?" "Anything in it for us?" "We'll get an extra grand for that") is punctuated by flurries of recognition, mock growls and hefty slaps on the back. "You old poof!" they cry, "you've just been to the hairdresser!" "Where did you get that suit? Who was it made for?"

The royal rat-pack has certainly made an effort to smarten up for this advance briefing on Saturday's "nearly royal" wedding of Viscount Charles Althorp (Diana's brother) and model Victoria Lockwood. Dark suits, striped shirts and navy blazers stretched over beer guts outnumber macho leather jackets two to one. Bleepers and vodaphones bulge self-importantly from pockets everywhere.

A sleek American PR woman takes a seat on a raised dais, flanked by two senior policemen. The Althorps' local village of Great Brington—scene of the wedding—is, she assures us, a "tiny, lovely place with thatched roofs where you'll all have a lot of fun". This sounds ominous enough to me, but she goes on to explain that only 40 photographers are permitted to set up their aluminium stepladders at the prime vantage point opposite the church entrance. A thrill of anxiety animates the photographers. While a policeman earnestly tries to point things out on a projected plan of the village with a pencil, the murmur grows in volume. A voice finally demands that the identity of the lucky 40 be revealed. As the PRO reads out the list—including representatives of the *Northampton Telegraph and Post*, *New Statesman and Society* ("God help us!") and the Australian Consolidated Press, a *Mirror* journalist at the back is enraged. "None of the Sunday tabloids have got places for the photo opportunity!"

But American lady PROs are a hard-nosed breed. "It's first come, first served," she replies in a steely tone. "If you couldn't get your act together, I can't help you."

The discomforture of a rival seems to have a cheering effect upon the luckier journalists in the room. As we get down to the crucial stuff (who designed the dress, who's who on the guest list—the Waleses, David Bailey, Barbara Cartland and 44 others of the couple's most intimate friends—who's doing the flowers, etc) the excitement level rises. Questions come thick and fast—exactly what colour will the pageboys' hats be? Can she tell us more about the "masses of hedgerow flowers" at the reception? The air is filled with breathless descriptions of "biscuit-coloured silk", "burgundy shot taffeta" and references to Sir Joshua Reynolds. This is clearly a very big story, indeed. They've even given us a map.

On Saturday morning in Great Brington, Northants, the glamour of it all is harder to recognise. A relentless downpour of fine rain is reducing the village green to a muddy pitch, the charming sandstone cottages to a blur and the villagers to bundles of dripping plastic topped off with sodden headscarves and tweed caps. Giant golfing umbrellas mushroom above the line of loyal spectators which has formed doggedly along the road outside St Mary's church. Their reward for such devotion may be no more than the flash of a passing limo with steamed-up windows, but no matter. The British appetite for oiling up to the aristocracy cannot be satisfied by reading the tabloid reports alone.

But however many newspapers a royal(ish) story may sell, there is obviously no question of collaborating with the despicable journos who produce it. Damp and demoralised hacks are passing among the crowd, struggling to extract a mildly interesting quotation or two to pad out their reports. This is an uphill task.

One woman in an orange kagoul, for instance, confines her responses to grunted monosyllables. Others fix the ingratiating reporter with a resolute glare while repeating the phrase, "it's all lovely", until he loses heart and shambles away. My own efforts elicit the following from a cross-section of the crowd:—people want to see the wedding; it's all lovely; people want to see Princess Diana; Princess Diana is lovely; it's a pity about the weather; it's a pity about Anne and Mark; I once met Earl Spencer; I agree with Prince Charles and his views about the architects; Prince Charles is a very caring person; Prince Charles will make a wonderful king.

Someone passes on a rumour that one royal fan here today has travelled all the way down from York just for the wedding and has been waiting at the crush barrier since dawn. For some reason I cannot work up the enthusiasm to track down this person who seems to have been cropping up at every vaguely royal event since the turn of the century. Only one villager I tackle is bold enough to criticise Prince Charles (for being a bit of a lefty) and he won't give his name. I realise this simply will not do.

In the nick of time, though, a cheer goes up from the crowd behind me as the first of the

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Melanie Friend

wedding guests begin to arrive. The minibus pulls up a few yards from the church gate and the guests alight with fixed smiles or gritted teeth ready to run the gauntlet of the crowd. The rain-swept fashion parade gingers up the spectators considerably. "I bet it's a long time since most of them have been on a bus," bitches one ardent monarchist. "You want to get your hair cut, sunshine!" bellows another at a male guest in a kilt and dripping coiffure. I decide this communal volte-face must be an expression of the Jekyll and Hyde nature of the national obsession with nobs and royals. Slavish sycophancy balanced by cynical envy and smothered by pious hypocrisy. There really is no hope for the English.

In fact, people who five minutes ago were singing the praises of the nobility are now muttering or jeering at them with proprietorial glee. Gawky Sloanes in mini-skirts and silly chiffon hats are given marks out of ten for fashion sense as they mince past on the arms of chaps in morning dress. "Look at the state of her! Revolting!" cry the peasants as the glitterati cower under umbrellas, gaze straight ahead and try not to notice them. "His trousers! It looks like he slept in them! You'd think he'd make a bit of an effort, wouldn't you?"

One limousine dares to ignore the rules of noblesse oblige and drives past at speed, sending a wave of water over the elderly ladies in chairs at the front of the barrier. The guests inside the car jump out and make a dash for the church, avoiding both rain and the common gaze. "They should *make* 'em walk," growls an old man lumbered with his wife's handbag and a limp union jack. "You can't see a damn thing if they stay in the car."

Never mind, they still cheer and pop their flash bulbs as the real celebs motor past—the Archbishop of Canterbury (crowd-pleasing grin), Viscount Althorp himself (terrified pallor), Chas 'n' Di (luminous smile and regal wave) and Barbara Cartland (eyeball-searing pink ensemble). Finally, the sound of horses' hooves and wolf-whistles announce the bride.

In a Cartlandesque moment, reminiscent of an out-take from *Carry On Dick*, the Althorp family coach thunders past, flanked by four outriders on horseback, dressed as cod cavaliers. As the bride is whisked into church to preserve her biscuit-coloured silk, the cavaliers dab at their stick-on moustaches which are flapping in the rain. The crowd is now torn between delighted awe ("At least it was diffe-

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Damp hacks are passing among the crowd, struggling to extract a quotation or two to pad out their reports

rent") and suppressed hysteria ("His wig's slipping off—look! Bald as a bean").

The horses steam, the cavaliers remain stoically mounted, and everyone grits their teeth as the rain comes down with redoubled vigour. A young woman in green wellies complains that her fingers have puckered up like they do when you soak in the bath too long. The pages of my notebook have formed a damp and solid wodge and someone is poking my head with the points of a Micky Mouse umbrella. A policeman promises us that the happy couple has agreed to give us a proper walkabout after the service, *even if it's still raining,* as we've "been so good". Only another hour to wait for it.

Of course, it must all have been worth it when Chas 'n' Vicky finally emerge before us as man and wife. The onlookers seem to think so, anyway. Plenty more opportunities both to worship ("Bless you! Bless you!") and to snipe ("Her dress looks like it came from an Oxfam shop"; "Never mind, she can buy another one tomorrow" as The Dress is dragged through a puddle). We even get a kiss (cheers and applause) opposite the TV camera and an apology from Charles for the rain. (The family run everything round here!) After that, it's a frantic rush round the back to catch the departing cars and coach ("He's got some water in that post-horn by the sound of it") as they belt up the road to Althorp House. Well, we didn't want to go to the reception, anyway.

The pub seems a good idea. As there is only one pub in Great Brington, the Fox and Hounds is already filling up with bedraggled paparazzi dangling six cameras round their necks and vast holdalls bulging with tripods and phallic lenses. I join three local reporters at a table by the door. They are complaining bitterly about the increasing hostility of the public to journalists trying to do their job. Nobody will tell you anything about anything any more. It must be the *Sun*'s fault, they agree. But, when you come to think about it, what the hell are we all doing here, anyway? Where's the real news value? No wonder circulations are falling everywhere you look. A photographer from the *Tatler* insists he doesn't usually do this sort of thing, so he's trying to stay incognito. Isn't it, he asks, *morally dubious* for the *New Statesman & Society* to be covering an event like this?

Just as I am pondering the piquant irony of this accusation, a flailing hack spills beer on my (already saturated) foot.

I leave the pub for one last try to find someone to interview. At last! The village vicar, Reverend Norman Knibbs, is happy to answer some questions. He is very tired after officiating at the church service, he can reveal. No, the village is not feudal in its relationship with the Althorp family, though some villages might be. No, the press has not misbehaved. In fact, it has behaved so well the police say it was a pleasure to look after it. No, he regrets he won't be attending the wine and cheese social for villagers in the paddock marquee this evening.

This turns out to be a pretty sedate affair, too. Brian Tomkins, of the village social events committee which organised it, informs me that they don't get many society weddings in Great Brington, as a rule. He works as an ophthalmic optician. More than this he cannot say. Mrs Angela Evans, clerk to the parish council, lets slip the fact that Great Brington is a fairly quiet village and her husband, Tony, agrees.

Nobody has met the lady who came all the way down from York just for the wedding and stood at the crush barrier since dawn. They have no comment to make about the happy couple. No, nobody has minded all the fuss and national and international press being there to investigate and to interview them in depth. "After all," says Mr Tompkins, "you journalists have got your job to do, haven't you?"

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Magnum

Deadly quarantine

Alexander Cockburn reports on Israel's iron-fisted bid to cut off funds to the Palestinians and the probable savage social consequences

One of the enduring features of US political culture is fundraising for Israel. Israeli leaders routinely criss-cross the country making appeals. The United Jewish Appeal raises some $285 million a year. All told, aside from US government support amounting to $3.2 billion, some $1 billion of voluntary contributions is remitted to Israel each year. It is all the more ironic, therefore, that the state that depends so heavily on the charity of others is considering a law that will deny such charity to some of its own citizens.

The Israeli Knesset has already given one favourable reading to an amendment to the 1948 Prevention of Terrorism Act and, although the amendment has received no attention in the US press, it represents a savage assault on the rights of Israeli Arabs, one that violates the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, promulgated the same year as the act now in the process of amendment. Its purpose is to sever the ties joining Arabs in Israel (and, by association, in the occupied territories) to Arabs and others abroad. Its mechanisms are those of the police state, masquerading as legal procedure.

The amendment would make it a crime to receive or deliver property (which includes money and just about anything else) knowingly or unknowingly from, or to, a "terrorist" organisation—the designation "terrorist", of course, being entirely up to the relevant Israeli authority and immune from challenge in court. Such property could be seized by police acting on a "reasonable suspicion" and unencumbered by search warrant or judicial order. The law would also refuse legal registration to organisations believed to be connected in any of the infinitely vague ways suggested by its terms to a "terrorist" group, and would allow an Israeli court to shut down organisations and associations believed to be fronts for terrorism, to have served the purposes of terrorism or to have acted "for the denial of the state of Israel". The provisions would be retroactive, so action could be taken at any time against any group the government decided to call terrorist.

Right now, about 80 voluntary organisations operate in the Arab sector of Israel—that is, inside East Jerusalem and inside the Green Line that distinguishes Israel from the other territories it has occupied since the Six Day War. These organisations get 90 per cent of their funding, millions of dollars, from philanthropic charitable and government-affiliated organisations abroad, mainly in the United States and western Europe. Most of their activities would normally be expected to fall within the realm of state budgets for culture, education, health, social services, development and so forth.

But in Israel, where more than half the Arab families live below the official poverty line, Arab villages get a third of the budget allocation of Jewish villages and towns, and a tenth of the development funding. Very often Israeli Arabs use contributions from international organisations for such basic purposes as sanitation and garbage collection. The Jewish Agency, through which passes most of the money raised abroad for Israel, distributes those funds exclusively to Jewish communities.

On 30 June, Marda Dunsky of the *Jerusalem Post* sketched out the legislation's impact:

> If the proposed amendment passes, says Qassoum, a 29-year-old high-school teacher who has served as the voluntary director [of the Public Association for Culture and Art] since its foundation, it will mean no more kindergartens, no more sports teams, no more summer camps, public libraries or learning centres.
>
> "It will mean the closing of the last window

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The Arabs will be left without cash for even basic services like rubbish collection. 'Foreign money' is seen as the root of the *intifada* problem

Magnum

on us," he says. "The government doesn't give us money for our local councils; if we go to the Jewish Agency, they tell us: 'This money came from Jewish people to help Jewish people.' Arab countries are considered enemy countries. And if we try to be in touch with Palestinians abroad, that means we are terrorists in terms of how the government defines things."

Here are a few specifics of the proposed law, which awaits its second and third readings in the Knesset:

- The District Court authorises confiscation of property "at the request" of the district prosecutor.
- The police may themselves order property to be seized, and an officer may "use any reasonable measure needed for the fulfilment of such orders and for the prevention of disturbance as he carries out his function".
- The police may, in the course of confiscating some property, forcibly take *anything* belonging to an individual or association and, as a coda to raiding an organisation, may also raid the homes of its members.
- Prosecutors do not have to prove their case "beyond a reasonable doubt", as required by criminal law, but by the much looser "balance of probabilities" standard.
- If the minister of defence declares that the security of the state requires it, a defendant can be refused any legal representative except one specifically designated to act as defence counsel by the Military Justice Law of 1955. Only one Palestinian lawyer in Israel is so designated.
- The court may dispense with normal rules of due process. It may allow hearsay evidence. It may take evidence in secret and keep it from the defendant and the defendant's lawyer, thus preventing any response or cross-examination. All this the court may do if it is "persuaded that the revelation of such evidence to such a person or his lawyer is likely to harm the security of the state or of the public".
- The state may refuse to register an organisation if there is "reasonable cause to believe" it is connected with terrorists.
- A District Court may authorise the liquidation of any standing organisation, and this may be carried out according to standard civil procedure or not, as the court decides.
- Upon liquidation all assets pass to the state.
- Property can be seized and an organisation liquidated without any crime having been committed, without anyone having been arrested, prosecuted or convicted of anything.

Article 22 of the UN Universal Declaration of Human Rights recognises the right of peoples to secure aid either in their home countries or abroad for the social, cultural and economic health of their communities. The amendment represents another broad step in the Israeli government's attempt to restrict the Arab population and augment its misery. In view is the atomisation of the individual, family or group and their scission from a larger community, with no libraries, cultural centres, women's or other associations, and with no institutions of learning except those expressly sanctioned by the state. Beyond that, the amendment presents the prospect of what amounts to a quarantine of Israeli Arabs from the rest of the world.

In a story in *Yediot Aharonot* in January, Roni Shaked gestured, with apparent lack of self-consciousness, at the motive force behind this legislation and similar government actions. Telling of how funds go from the PLO to international organisations that first "launder" and then transfer them to Israel and the territories, and identifying one such organisation as al-Ta'awun, established in Geneva in 1983, Shaked commented, "The first item in the by-laws of this organisation states: this support aims at strengthening the ties within the Palestinian people, safeguard [sic] the Palestinian's identity, and keep him permanently on his land."

Although the amendment would apply only to Israeli Arabs and to Arabs in Jerusalem, Israeli newspapers say that if passed it would open the way to similar decrees in the territories. Commanders in the West Bank and Gaza could issue military orders to the same effect, thus reinforcing the existing thorough sanctions against voluntary local organisations there. Since the beginning of the *intifada* even major international bodies, such as Save the Children, have been severely limited in the work they can do there, a condition to which the United States acquiesces and in whose creation it conspires. Although the United States funnels more money to the occupied territories than any other country, no project it funds can go ahead without the direct approval of the Israeli military authorities. No other country in the world submits in this way to the economic imperatives of the occupation.

Since, at the local level, money obviously passes from Israel to the territories, and from international support groups to the territories via Israel, the proposed law would certainly close off a major source of funds to the leaders of the *intifada*.

Just as the Israelis have fantasised that it would require only the arrest of top "troublemakers" to suppress the uprising, so now they have been seized by the second illusion of all occupiers and security officials: that "foreign money" is the root of the problem. Here is the mirror image of paranoid fears, from earlier in this century and the previous one, of an "international Jewish conspiracy" and "Jewish paymasters of sedition".

And just as British emergency laws of a former age became the model for security decrees in places such as Israel and South Africa alike, so those heirs of British "justice" now match each other in their innovations upon the model. In South Africa, a new law on the disclosure of foreign funding parallels in its essentials the Israeli amendment.

So far there has been very little adverse commentary in the Israeli press, beyond the almost comically feeble reaction of lawyers such as one cited in *Ja'aretz*, whom the paper paraphrased thus: "If it is decided to apply it [the amendment] in the Territories, by means of military orders, care should be taken that the decision will not violate international law." Another "expert in international law" emphasised "that such a law may create difficulties from the standpoint of international law pertaining to control over funds whose sources are organisations who are not identified with the PLO."

Here is Israel defying international law for the past 21 years and carrying out a campaign that, day in and day out, denies basic internationally recognised human rights, and here are lawyers fretting lest the proposed amendment—"positive" in every other way—presents a hindrance to international law. ●

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STAND

Forked tongues

Jean Coussins on another 'race crisis'

The English are world-renowned for their reluctance to learn languages, so it is appallingly predictable that they should disapprove of the demand by a group of Birmingham Asian parents for a home-liaison officer who speaks Urdu.

Home Office Minister John Patten has responded by advising the parents to learn English. The popular press has taken up the case with a vengeance and tossed in accusations of racism against the Asian parents for their treatment of the white teacher in question. Ray Honeyford, in a *Daily Express* column, weighed in last week by demanding the repeal of the "special needs" section of the Race Relations Act and the dismantling of the "race relations lobby", the twin devils behind what he sees as "the latest in a disturbing pattern of race relations conflicts over the past three years or so".

This resentment against "immigrants" who ask for "special favours" also runs through some of the responses to the recent stories around trans-racial adoption. Although same race placements have always been considered the best thing for white children (how could it be otherwise without black foster and adoptive parents being available to provide any option?), when it comes to making the same assumption with black children, it's suddenly all a bit too much, and must be justified.

In other words, there is still a strong resistance in Britain to the notion of racial *equality*, rather than to the less threatening concepts of assimilation or even diversity. The provision to an ethnic group of almost any service which may have to be adapted to cater for *different* needs risks being seen as the squandering of resources on *special* needs for people who should really just concentrate on fitting in. Providing services on the basis of equality would mean the acceptance of everybody's right to have their social, educational, health care and housing needs met.

What would have prevented the whole incident is the proper use of equal opportunities recruitment procedures. But let's look first at the issues which the media and the minister managed to conjure up out of a relatively ordinary situation.

The first red herring was the parents' "reluctance" to learn English. The *Express* even tried to make it look like an issue to do with language teaching in school, headlining Ray Honeyford's piece, "*All* of our children must speak English at school". The job in question is nothing to do with teaching children Urdu, English or any other language. Urdu would come in handy for communicating with the parents whose English is not up to their children's standard. The parents aren't necessarily opposed to learning English themselves, but it might pay John Patten to explore the practical reasons why some of them, particularly the women, may not be doing so.

Access and information about classes in languages other than English, time to attend, freedom from harassment en route, time to study: all of these may not be currently available to many parents, however committed they are to living in Britain. In the meantime, a home-school liaison teacher with knowledge of their language would not be an impossible commodity to provide, would probably perform the job more effectively in the circumstances, and may even turn out to be the person who encourages more parents to learn English.

Mr Honeyford seems to think that wanting a home-school liaison teacher who speaks Urdu is a cheek

A second red herring was provided by Ray Honeyford, who claimed that the special needs section of the Race Relations Act "has convinced the Asian parents of Birmingham they have a right to a teacher who speaks Urdu". Quite apart from the likelihood that the Asian parents of Birmingham would be able to define their needs irrespective of the Race Relations Act, they don't need to rely on the so-called special needs section here, or indeed any other section of the act. It wouldn't make the slightest difference in a similar situation if that section were repealed.

A third "explanation" for all the bother was, inevitably, multi-ethnic or anti-racist education and those of us who peddle this "positively absurd and dangerous notion", to borrow Mr Honeyford's definition.

The difference between us is that Mr Honeyford seems to think that anti-racist education is divisive and anti-English, and that wanting a home-school liaison teacher who speaks Urdu is a cheek; whereas I'd say that if the community has thought about this teacher's post enough to have formed the opinion that the job would be most effectively carried out by an Urdu speaker, then the battle for parental involvement—which is meant to be important because it helps improve the children's achievement—is already half won. The divisive thing to do would be to ignore the parents.

The villain of the piece is, of course, not Wendy Bartle, the liaison teacher. It may be that the recruitment process for her post was defective in a number of ways. If the selection criteria specified that knowledge of Urdu was a requirement, then she should not have been appointed and the governors have made a serious error. If, however, no mention of Urdu was made in the job description, no one can legitimately complain about a non-Urdu speaker getting the job.

The parents still have cause for concern, but their target must be the governors and/or the LEA, not the teacher. Who wrote the job description? If it was silent on the matter of Urdu, who can have been consulted? Who are the parent governors and are they representative of the 90 per cent Asian school population? This is what equal opportunities recruitment procedures are all about. Not the cloak and dagger stuff some commentators create on their pages, but open and above-board practices which give a fair deal to all applicants.

It would not have made a very snazzy press report that an LEA or governing body had fouled up its recruitment process for a particular teaching post. But throw in Asians, special needs, the English language under threat, and you have a story that will run and run, with plenty of scope for human interest angles.

For those of us who, in different ways, are working for anti-racist education because we believe it means *better* education, for everyone, there are already enough tripwires in our path. We can do without the basic nuts and bolts of service delivery, like proper recruitment procedures, being mishandled in a way which opens up the floodgates for intolerant hysteria.

Jean Coussins is the director of the CRE's education, housing and services division. This piece is written in her personal capacity

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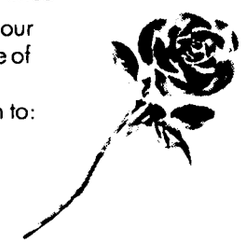

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Green machine

The Greens need to become an effective political party. Sarah Benton assesses the costs

Sarah Benton

The Greens have lost their privacy this week. Whatever decisions they take, their innocent efforts to create a new style of conference will not survive the public flotation of their party.

Before now, they had felt free to try out new ways of being political without feeling too self-conscious. Or so I used to imagine as a visiting journalist who wandered through their conference in a state of deep self-consciousness. I sat through the starting minute of "attunement"; I squirmed at the coyness of the "Coconut Shy" (the session for hurling questions at members of the national council) and scurried from the Rabbit Corner (rabbit rabbit rabbit geddit?), terrified that an enthusiast might demand I come and be a bunny too. A Green conference was a bit like visiting a progressive primary school—when you long to sneak out and talk to the grown ups. The grown ups, the hard-nosed political members, were the ones who wanted to run their conference just like everyone else run theirs.

That was Before. At the end of this week (and I'm writing before the conference opens) we'll know how far the Greens will have been able to sustain their novel style now that they have entered a new—and longed-for—relationship with the public. They will lose a lot more than their innocence.

There has been a tension in the party from the beginning over how far to adopt the manner of a professional party. It will certainly have surfaced again this week as resolutions to institute a new order in the party are debated. Yet, as the SLD knows to its cost, no amount of professionalism in dealing with the media (and that's essentially what we now mean by professional politics) will carry a party to greatness. Indeed, the arguments against pursuing conventional party style have never been stronger.

For well over a decade, fewer and fewer people have wanted to belong to a political party. The days of the mass activist party are over. There are many reasons for this, but take just one: political identity. Until the end of the 1960s, party politics in Britain reflected the absolute, split identity of those times. One was Labour or Conservative, as one was for the USA or the USSR. I remember the awful shock of discovering as a child that the parents of my best friend voted Conservative. How could this be? For my parents didn't vote Labour; they were Labour. Being Labour was as fixed and permanent a part of our identity as our names and tastes.

Since then, my family has voted half a dozen different ways: Labour (still), Liberal, SLD, SDP, Communist and Green and maybe Monster Raving Loony Party for all I know. Doubtless if any of us had lived in Wales or Scotland, occasional votes for nationalist parties would join that list. Yet politically, none of us has changed that much. Rather, like millions of Britons, our political *personae* are no longer fixed in party affiliations. We can pick and choose our beliefs from a variety of parties, mixing and matching as best fits the moment. That fluidity of choice was reflected in the *Guardian*'s ICM poll this week. It showed that definite support for one of the mainstream parties has declined from 59 per cent to 48 per cent of the electorate in the five years since 1984. That refusal to vote for a party because it's "your" party is stronger on the left than the right. For fewer and fewer people is party the chief, fixed point of their public identity.

If the Greens mould their politics into a single package, they will have to dam the streams that feed them

Now one reason for this is clearly the unsettled state of the parties themselves. If you have been a Liberal/SDP/SLD supporter, who knows what there will be to support this time tomorrow? But those parties, and the Greens, the SNP (also meeting this week) and Plaid Cymru, have only been able to grow because the fixed political identities of the past have been ruptured. Amongst some people there is a restless search to find a new political home, a new party identity to clothe you in the public world.

But for many others, there is no desire for such a fixed identity. Rather, there is a willingness to play the party game: you use your vote to get what little impact you can on the public world of opinion and policy. Punters and professional politicians alike know that what matters is the point in the opinion polls, a voice on television, as much as a member in parliament. Indeed, so woefully weak are members in parliament, that the point in the polls is probably a more useful desire.

What does that mean for the Greens? They have everything to gain by continuing to make their media relations more professional. They are now amongst the actors whom the media wish to cast on stage. But they have nothing to gain by trying to fix the form and identity of their members. One resolution down for discussion demands that the party defines its "unique" identity—as distinctively not socialist, liberal, anarchist or conservative. Do voters care two hoots about that? Indeed, do not voters feel pleased when two or more parties actually agree with each other on some policy issue? Does not that make a party seem more like a true voice of ordinary people (who, these days, agree with each other on issues across party lines) and less like the strident voice of party sectarianism?

The Greens' current strength is that it does draw on all those traditions specified by the resolution. And more—historically, fascism too has made its own contribution to nature-loving. In a powerful passage in "Reflections Before a Glass Cage", Hans Magnus Enzenburger juxtaposes the detailed clarity of the Nazi specifications for the humane killing of lobsters with their brutally opaque instructions to slaughter Jewish human beings. This, too, is part of the general Green heritage. As is the Calvinism, authoritarianism, sensuality and epicureanism for which they have been variously condemned and commended this week.

In other words, if the Greens attempt to mould their politics into a single coherent package, to fit what they believe are the requirements of a modern political party, they will have to dam many of the streams that have fed them. They will also be embracing an outdated form of politics.

Our political identities as we edge towards the Third Millennium are not fixed. For we don't know what our options are, and don't wish to close any off too soon. The time may come when the Greens have to close off some of their traditions in order to appear more coherent. But for the moment, their very openness is what gives voters the brief and pleasurable feeling that perhaps they, not the professional politicians, are calling the tunes.

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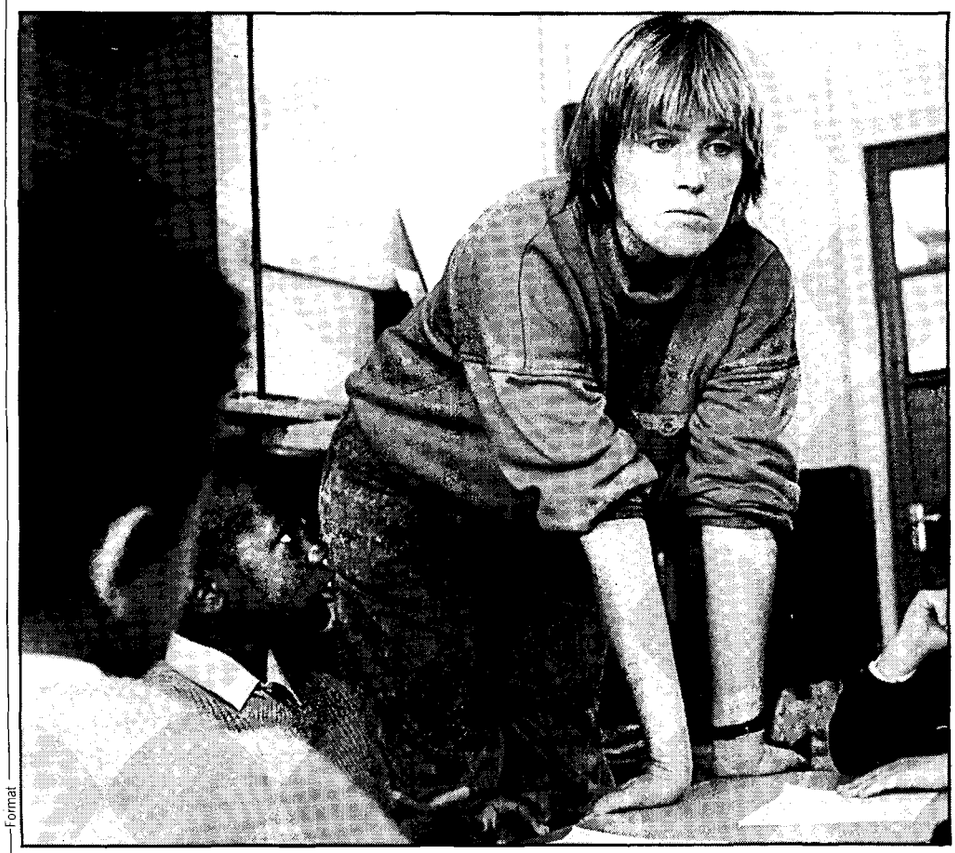
Dutch courage

Teachers from the Netherlands, newly arrived in London schools, have been shaken by the East End's poverty and racism. Claire Sanders talked to them



Testing time: one of the new Dutch teachers in London's Tower Hamlets

Three weeks ago 60 Dutch teachers arrived in London and found themselves in the middle of a political storm. "In Holland we think it is strange that England, one of the seven wealthiest countries in the world, has had to advertise abroad for primary school teachers," said one of the new recruits, Laurens-Alexander Pattiasina. Many in this country would agree with him. Despite ILEA's recruitment drive, 150 children still had to be sent home from school in inner London as term started.

I spoke to two teachers, Laurens and Margret van Dodewaard, before they started teaching in Tower Hamlets, and again two weeks later. Last academic year Tower Hamlets hit the headlines as an area of acute teacher shortage—280 children were denied school places. The majority were Bangladeshi. "If these were white, middle-class children without school, it would be different," said one parent.

I wanted to know what Margret and Laurens expected of English schools and what they found. Their accounts differ dramatically, and the reason is a simple one: Laurens is black and Margret is white. "England is a different country if you are black," Laurens observes. He has also been deeply shocked at the levels of poverty in the East End: "The conditions people live in are humiliating. The level of racism is brutal."

Laurens has worked with ethnic minorities in Holland. He has a particular interest "in how to deal with second-generation children like myself. It is important to understand the nature of racism and to develop a proper respect and understanding of other cultures. Making chapattis in the classroom is not enough."

Margret adopts a more colour-blind approach. "When I look at a class I see just the children, not their colour." She does not believe the Dutch are necessarily any less racist than the British: "It all depends on the individual." Laurens is here because he wants to find out more about British society: "In Holland we hear a lot about how racist British society is. We hear about the class structure and the differences between the rich and the poor. I wanted to see for myself." Margret is here because there is a full-time job on offer, because she will get valuable experience and because it will be interesting to live and work in London for a year.

Two weeks ago, speaking before they had seen the schools they were to teach in, met the staff or found somewhere permanent to live, they were both looking forward to their first day—if a little anxiously. Laurens was concerned about the size of the class: "In Holland I never taught more than 20 children and I've heard there could be as many as 30 children in the class." Margret, who has taught classes of over 30 in Holland, was more concerned about discipline: "The first weeks in a class are very important. I want to establish a proper relationship with the children." Both were worried about their English and the fact that many of the children also did not have English as a first language.

The national curriculum, introduced for key subjects this September, was not a concern for either of them. "In Holland we have had a national curriculum for four years," said Laurens, "I've worked with it and know its disadvantages and advantages." He has no objection to a national curriculum in principle, and feels that teachers should not see it as a threat to their autonomy, "although I understand that they resent it being formulated by a man who knows nothing about education". But he felt that the tests are a bad idea: "They forget that they will be testing people who don't speak English as a first language against those that do."

The two had already come up against one of the reasons for the teacher shortage in London: housing. "One landlord was charging over £100 a week for a broom cupboard," said Laurens. Both felt that teachers are underpaid and undervalued in England, but Margret added, "It is getting like that in Holland as well. At one time teachers were respected, like a minister. Now I have trained for four years and my pay is bad."

Two weeks later I find Margret happy in a new house and speaking enthusiastically about her class. Laurens is still looking for accommodation and is in a state of shock.

Margret is teaching in a voluntary-aided Catholic school called St Agnes. It has 225 pupils,

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about a quarter of them Afro-Caribbean, the rest white. The predominantly Muslim Bangladeshi community is not represented. The school is still short of three teachers. Margret feels she has settled in well with her class: "I like them. I've got some real fighters, children with guts." She is also impressed by how much they know: "They are more advanced than in Holland. They can copy accurately from the board and they can write more than I expected."

She has not found the national curriculum difficult to work with. "I set my own projects and when I look at the national curriculum I find they are in there anyway." Laurens finds it equally unobtrusive but his anxieties over national testing have increased. "If they are sending kids home from school what on earth can they test them on? They haven't taught them anything."

Laurens teaches in a school where only six children out of 329 are not from Bangladesh. Despite his appointment the school still needs to fill four posts. But no children have had to be sent home. "We're staggering on," says the headteacher, Sue Gilbert. She herself will be leaving later in the year. Laurens's class is not

"Never before in my life have I felt racism as I feel it around the school. You can see it in people's eyes"

as large as he feared. He is teaching 26 children aged between nine and 11. All except two—the children of the headmistress—are Bangladeshi. But he thinks the class is too big and describes a group of them as simply "lost".

He is shocked at how little some of them know. "There is a great range of ability in the class. Whoever I give my attention to, some lose out." He feels strongly that by the age of 11 there are certain basic skills a child should have: "Some of my pupils are below what I see as a minimum level. Their English is non-existent and I have to get the pupils with more skills to explain matters to them. The large class is not appropriate for those children. They should be in special smaller classes and there should be someone present who speaks their language." He has read the coverage of Springfield school in Birmingham, where Asian parents are protesting at the appointment of a liaison teacher who does not speak either Urdu or Punjabi. "I totally agree with the parents and I can't see what the fuss is about—especially as teachers with those languages did apply for the post."

The East End itself has also shocked him. "When I came to London everyone told me that Brixton is violent. For a black person it is safe compared to the East End. Never before in my life have I felt racism as I feel it around the school. You can see it in people's eyes. I won't live there as I like to stroll in the evenings and I don't want to be limited by other people's abuse." He more than understands the necessity to bus Asian children into some schools in Tower Hamlets. Having suffered from very little racism in Holland, Laurens was surprised when he had difficulties opening a bank account here. "They did not believe me when I said I was Dutch. My white friends were believed instantly. I was angry, more than angry, but it won't defeat me." He adds: "ILEA should have warned me."

The conditions for the Bangladeshi community distress him: "I could not believe that I was in England when I saw some areas. It was so depressing. The children have nowhere to play, there is garbage everywhere. I think you are creating a new lumpen proletariat, a state within a state. There has to be more integration."

Many of Laurens's pupils attend Muslim schools in the evening. "They spend nearly all day in one school or another. It must be confusing and tiring for them." He wants to make sure that the girls in his class are as active as the boys: "Some are very boisterous, but some are apathetic." And he feels that it is necessary to work with the parents: "If you are not familiar with the educational system you have no way of judging how well your child is doing. Unless you understand the system you are doomed."

Race has determined Margret and Laurens's experiences. Already their stories diverge. Laurens feels he has a fight on his hands, for his class and for himself; Margret is beginning to relax and enjoy herself. "Holland may be Calvinist," Laurens concludes, "it may be austere, and its treatment of ethnic minorities is flawed—but I find it a haven compared to England."

Welfare Watch

Claims bonus

Tony Lynes finds new hope on single payments

Addicts of this column may like to be brought up to date on two subjects I wrote about in August. The first (25 August) was a social security commissioners' decision that the Northern Ireland appeal court judgment about furniture grants under the pre-April 1988 supplementary benefit rules was binding in Great Britain, where a large number of appeals to the commissioners was still outstanding.

The Northern Ireland court ruled that payments for "miscellaneous" furniture could not be made on health or safety grounds—contrary to the line previously followed by the commissioners. The lord chief justice, Lord Lowry, made it clear that, in the court's opinion, the ban extended to essential furniture such as beds and cookers, as well as miscellaneous items. It seemed, therefore, that the commissioners would turn down all outstanding furniture grant appeals resting on grounds of health or safety.

That assumption was over-pessimistic. Commissioner D G Rice—one of the three who signed the previous decision—has now decided, in the case of a young woman needing a bed (CSB/302/88), that Lord Lowry went too far in excluding payments for essential furniture and that, anyway, what he said on this point was not a binding statement of law, since the case before the court involved miscellaneous furniture only.

So anyone still awaiting a commissioner's decision on a claim made before April 1988 for a bed, cooker, heater, fireguard, safety gates, pushchair or high chair, and for whom payment would have been the only way of preventing serious risk to health or safety, should not lose hope. They may still get their money, even if their health or safety is no longer at risk.

The other subject is community care grants from the social fund which, on a much restricted basis, replaced the old-style furniture grants. I reported (4 August) a rise in applications from 43,000 per month in April and May to nearly 53,000 in June. This, the DSS now admits, was yet another error in the accident-prone social fund statistics.

Latest figures show a fall in applications to about 41,500 in June and 37,000 in July. But this is still far more than restricted local office budgets can cope with. As a result, well over half the applications are being refused by social fund officers, and the average grant has fallen from £287 in March to £256 in July.

The proportion of unsuccessful applicants asking officers to review their decisions is over one in four and rising steadily. The number applying for a second review by an inspector has doubled since April, and the inspectors are confirming less than one in three of the decisions referred to them. The cash-limited fund, now that claimants have discovered that it exists, is under severe strain and failing to meet the needs for which it was designed.

Social Europe

Race apart

Claire Sanders finds a blind spot in the European vision

Vasso Papandreou is not going to let anyone get in the way of her social charter—least of all Margaret Thatcher. She is the European Commissioner in charge of employment, industrial relations and social affairs and was instrumental in drawing up the EC's Social Charter, a draft document intended to secure workers' rights and social benefits in the single European market (see *NSS*, 11 August 1989, page 22).

A determined woman, she speaks with the confidence of a European socialist uncowed by ten years of Thatcherism: the charter "is not only a moral commitment. This is also an economic and social necessity... There is no doubt in my mind that the commission will take the necessary steps in that direction." The one grey area in her vision of the future concerns race.

Her speech, made at a conference on local

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Associated Press

government in a single Europe in Oldham last week, went down well. Papandreou fired a number of broadsides at Mrs Thatcher's criticisms of the charter: "I don't want to believe for one minute that there is real disagreement about these rights." The charter is intended as a safeguard against "social dumping": a process whereby the poor labour conditions of one country may drag standards down in others. And Papandreou stressed the importance of local government: "It is also a Europe of citizens, close to where they live and work. Local authorities in this context have a major role."

It is a sign of this country's parochialism that her comments were not mentioned in the national press. Papandreou deserved more attention. Since her appointment as Commissioner last November—a post she will hold for four years—she has been hailed as a woman politician to match Thatcher. She uses the word socialist with a sense of pride not often heard in this country: "As far as I am concerned one of the jobs of a socialist Commissioner in this field will be to win massive political support in all our countries for a serious assault on social inequality," she declared on her appointment, aged 43, last year. A founder member of the PASOK movement in Greece, she studied in Britain during the Colonels' regime and later became an industry minister in the PASOK government.

Her commitment to women's issues is reflected in the equal opportunities clauses of the Social Charter: "I have already established contact with women's groups and I want to do much more of this with other organisations committed to a social Europe." Responding to Thatcherite attacks on her as an empire-builder, she asks critics to "leave aside polemics and jingoism".

Her concern that all regions should benefit from 1992 mirrors that of Bryan Gould: "Local development is a key issue for the future of Europe." It is one reason for the drawing up of the charter: "The community we want should not be built against the entrepreneurs or the workers or the citizens: it requires the full and active participation of all social groups."

Vasso Papandreou: "Leave aside polemics and jingoism"

Precisely on this point a gaping hole appears in the charter—and indeed in much of the discussion of Europe at Oldham. There is an ominous silence on the issue of race. Concerns were voiced from the floor about the establishment of "fortress Europe", where whites will move with freedom and those black people let in will live under constant suspicion. Balraj Purewal, a member of the Indian Workers Association, asked: "What guarantees are there for the 20 million migrant workers in Europe? They form a 13th state that is being ignored."

Geoffrey Martin, head of external relations at the London office of the European Communities, did not allay fears when he linked the problem of racism and immigration all too quickly to fears about terrorism. Nor did Vasso Papandreou. When asked about the problems of professionals from the Indian subcontinent who had settled in the UK and found their qualifications were not recognised, she replied that there would be agreements to ensure that qualifications recognised in one EC country would be recognised in another. This would merely compound the difficulties of those not recognised here.

She did acknowledge that Europe had a huge problem in dealing with illegal workers—most notably the Turks in Germany. The charter protects only those legally entitled to work in Europe: "We don't even know how many illegal workers there are and in what conditions they work. Here we face major problems."

Population

Head counts

Vicky Hutchings answers the Green call for fewer people

Population control has always excited strong emotions—and not just among Roman Catholics. The Green Party's current call to reduce the UK's population by 20 million people, due for debate this week at its Wolverhampton conference, is no exception.

First world attempts to dictate to the third world over green issues, from rain forests to birth control, have always been fraught with difficulties. Proponents run the risk of being charged with a new style of colonialism. The Green Party's attacks, not only on numbers in poverty-stricken parts of the third world, but also on "the numbers of human beings on these islands", will head off such claims against them.

Green Party literature on limiting our own population has thrown both the press and the other parties completely off balance. A member of SERA (the Socialist Environment and Resources Association), the green wing of the Labour movement, said: "I think the last time we discussed that was ten years ago." But the population proposals, to be discussed on Friday afternoon, will ensure some response.

While the Greens' official documents explain how reducing our numbers will "lessen our dependence on the food crops essential to the well-being of other parts of the world", the means remain vague. Thinking about our reproductive and sexual responsibilities, and having more easily available contraception and advice, are as far as they are prepared to go.

"Green Party literature on controlling population has thrown the press and other parties off balance"

Small wonder, then, that a book by two members of the Green Party, Sandy Irvine and Alec Ponton's *A Green Manifesto**, with a foreword by Jonathon Porritt, has been seized on for enlightenment. Described by the party as "unofficial", the book details the means whereby UK population will be brought under control: sterilisation bonuses, withdrawal of maternity benefits after a second child, more funds for research into contraception (especially for men), an end to infertility research and treatment, and the rather mealy-mouthed "more realistic approach to abortion". So unnerved by the Greens' initiative is the Labour Party that its green expert in the policy directorate at Walworth Road claimed this meant that the Greens were "against abortion".

To a leading environmentalist consulted this week, details such as these reveal an essential

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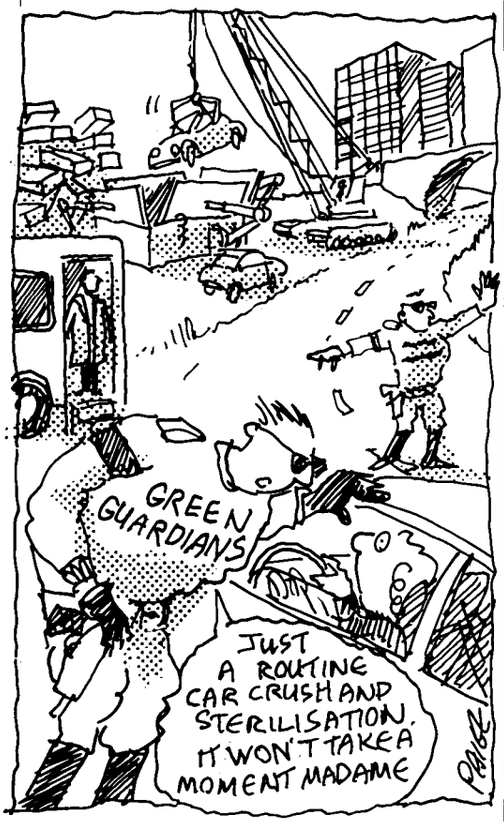
flaw in Green thinking: policy-makers are mostly middle-class and have little sensitivity towards the powerless and poor. They start by thinking about numbers, not about people.

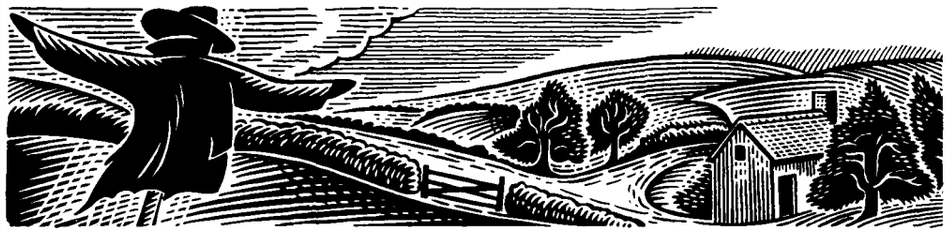
The New Economics Foundation, an educational charity that promotes sustainable uses of resources, justice and conservation, says that the situation is far more complicated than "trite" statements that fewer people would consume less would suggest. The key, it argues, is not total numbers but the distribution of resources between the richer and poorer parts of the world. Just because our numbers diminish doesn't mean we will consume any less—as individuals, we might even consume more.

According to Population Concern, a charity that links birth control with development issues, numbers in the UK are likely to drop from 57.1 million in 1988 to 56.6 million in 2020. World population trends show that numbers in affluent parts of the world are relatively stable while those in parts of Africa, Asia and South America are still growing fast. Even the Chinese attempts at enforced one-child-per-family policies seem to have broken down with fertility rates rising to 2.4 children per woman from the earlier rate of 2.1. And reports from China of infanticide, especially of new-born girls, have continued. Currently, the UK fertility rate is 1.8 children per woman. The lesson is that well-being stems the population explosion more surely than heavy-handed state intervention. Far better for the Green Party to concentrate on helping poor people get better access to food, health care and education, if they really want to control the world's numbers.

**A Green Manifesto. MacDonald Optima. £6.99 (paperback)*



FRINGE BENEFITS



Colin Ward gets steamed up over water racketeering

There is something malevolently devious about the government's responses to environmental issues. It first brushes aside public concern, then suppresses facts and denounces independent investigations as irresponsible. Then, in spite of allegedly supporting the principle that the polluter must pay, it scolds the green lobbyists as pernickety children. "If you insist on being so fussy, *you* must expect to foot the bill."

Its first concern is the effect on its strategy of selling off publicly-owned natural monopolies. Ignoring all our worries about accidents and waste disposal, it declares that nuclear power is clean as opposed to dirty old coal. Thus, at one stroke, it seeks to ensure the future of its nuclear weapons programme, *and* pursue its vendetta against the miners, *and* rebuke the anti-nuclear greens. And if the market itself is too prudent to invest in nukes, it slaps a levy on every electricity user. The consumer must pay.

Over water pollution and privatisation there is the same duplicity. Here in England's corn belt our local papers, the *Eastern Daily Press* and the *East Anglian Daily Times*, neither noted for their radicalism, get shriller week by week as the government unfolds its strategy. East Anglia has the biggest problem over nitrate levels because of the concentration on intensive cereal production in a region of low rainfall.

The situation is going to get steadily worse because vast quantities of nitrate in the soil have yet to percolate into water sources. Applications of nitrogenous fertilisers have risen from 210,000 tonnes in 1950 to 1,470,000 tonnes in 1983 and are increasing at 9 per cent a year.

Anglian Water announced last month that the government had approved an increase in charges to consumers of 5.5 per cent above inflation for the next ten years, or 13.5 per cent per annum at current inflation rates. Anglian Water called it "tough and fair" and the water minister Michael Howard told us all that: "We cannot have a cleaner water environment unless we are prepared to pay towards the cost of it."

At the same time, the Water Authorities Association dismissed the Friends of the Earth survey of water pollution as an "exceedingly well-presented piece of scaremongering". According to Paul Brown in the *Guardian*, the moment the water bill was enacted, "all staff at the Anglian Water Authority were warned that statements about water quality must be cleared with the organisation's lawyers and merchant bankers. They were also told that the penalty for non-compliance was up to seven years in prison, and an unlimited fine under section 77 of the Financial Services Act, 1986."

And, of course, the National Farmers Union has been busy protecting its members. Deputy president David Naish said that the NFU: "Will be encouraging parliament to scrutinise the legislation very carefully and if necessary amend it so as to ensure that farmers will be fully and fairly compensated for any losses they might suffer, whether through reductions in income or in the value of their interest in the land."

It has already given this encouragement to the House of Lords, whose European Community Committee reports that if the government is to comply with the European Commission's directive on nitrate levels in drinking water, more than half of the most fertile farmland in East Anglia will have to be taken out of production.

What about going organic? A farmer interviewed on Radio 4's *Farming Today* programme explained that only about 10,000 or 11,000 tonnes of organic grain is produced in this country. Since the changeover takes several years, we are actually importing organically produced cereals to meet the increasing demand. And the economics of it? After all, the Fertilisers Manufacturers Association (FMA) claims that in the Anglian Water area it is unlikely that financially viable farming would be possible in water production areas, and that "net income from agriculture could be cut by 50 per cent or more".

But that organic farmer said last month that he achieved two-thirds of the chemical yield, and that he was getting £200 a tonne, as opposed to the £115-£120 a tonne offered that day in Lincolnshire for ordinary grain. However, Mr Naish of the NFU says, without explanation, that a return to traditional organic methods of farming could actually lead to an increase in existing nitrate levels.

The NFU, the FMA and UKASTA (the agricultural supply trade association) all claim that the most cost-effective option is not cutting back on inorganic fertilisers, but blending high- and low-nitrate water, or denitrification. And who is to pay? Why, you, of course, says the government. This is what stung the *East Anglian Daily Times* to declare: "When householders see their bills, they will be loud in demanding that the polluter should be made to pay, and they will be well justified."

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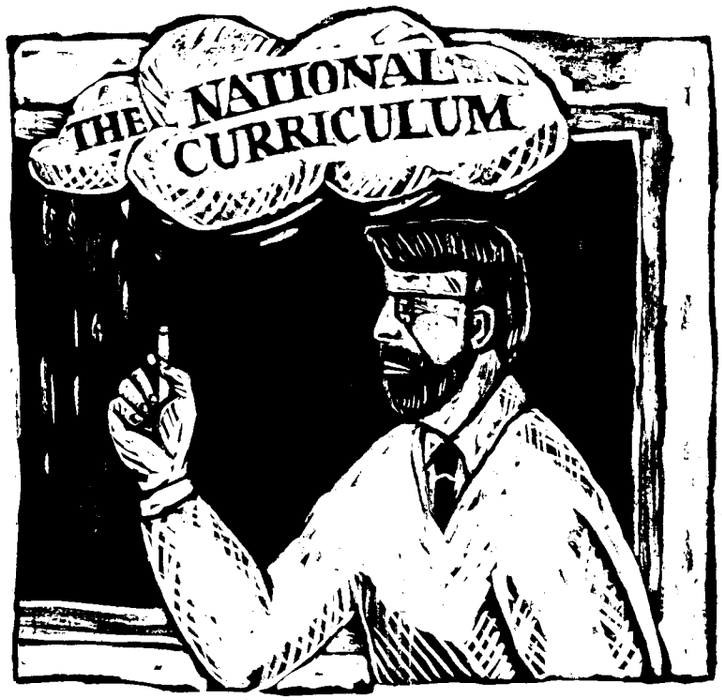
A sore subject

Sociology is in demand, but not in the national curriculum as a foundation subject. Pat McNeill looks at consumer-led demand

It's been a good summer for the morale of sociology teachers, at least at A level and above. Having felt under continuous attack for most of the 1980s, teachers can now see signs that the tide is turning. At the annual conference of the Association for the Teaching of the Social Sciences, held last weekend and attended by 130 people, there was a more optimistic atmosphere than in recent years.

Maybe sociologists need the stimulus of believing that the enemy is permanently at the gate, and that the time when sociology becomes respectable is the time when sociologists should look again at their commitment to a sceptical and objective approach to social life, but some reassurance is welcome.

At the end of June the University Grants Committee (now the Universities Funding Council), in its review of sociology, explicitly acknowledged the world status of British sociology, its wide influence, and the contribution it has made to the regions of the United Kingdom. This was confirmed by the UFC's survey of research activity in universities, circulated at the end of August, when over one third of sociology departments were rated in the top two of the five-point scale.



Judy Stevens

The UGC in June did recommend that staff in smaller departments should be transferred, but even this may be overtaken by events in the form of substantial increases in demand for places on sociology degree courses. UCCA has shown an 11 per cent increase in applications for sociology places in 1989, while PCAS applications (to polytechnics) nearly doubled from 1988, though this is partly because of changes in how courses are categorised. In the case of polytechnics in particular, it may be that the increase in numbers of mature students, particularly through Access courses, will benefit sociology and social science departments, which traditionally attract a high proportion of mature applicants.

A similarly optimistic picture exists at A level. Sandwiched between the upheavals in 11-16 education and the reforms in higher education, the specialised curriculum of the academic sixth form, A level sociology included, has remained relatively untouched. The major recommendation of the 1988 Higginson report, to broaden the sixth form curriculum through students taking more but "leaner" A levels, was rejected by the government.

Within the traditional specialised curriculum, sociology has flourished. In 1988, a record 22,000 candidates entered for A level sociology with one of the six boards which offer the subject. Of these, nearly 17,000 took the AEB exam, 10,000 of whom were studying at colleges of further education. More than 70 per cent of candidates are female. Although the full 1989 statistics are not yet available, it is known that the AEB's entry was a new record, showing an increase of 11 per cent over the previous year, which compares favourably with the 6 per cent overall increase in entries for that board. The entry for A/S level sociology in 1989, the first year of this new examination, was the highest for any subject at the AEB.

Alongside this continuing growth in demand, there are changes and improvements in syllabuses and assessment at A level. Since 1966, when the first A level exam was taken, both syllabuses and exams have been numbingly traditional (see *Society Today*, 4 April 1989). The model has been of a body of received knowledge being transmitted to students in the classroom, who regurgitate it on demand in the examination hall. While other subjects and other sectors of education have developed better and more student-centred modes of teaching and assessment, sociology has lagged behind.

Virtually all the six boards are in the throes of revising their syllabuses or have just revised them. Given the new entrepreneurial spirit that pervades the boards, it might be hoped that they would be trying to produce a variety of competing products, but this does not seem to be happening. Instead, there is a common pattern emerging whereby students are required to study the theory and methods of the discipline and to select a limited number of substantive areas of social life to study in depth. This compares with the older syllabuses which appeared to encourage wide-ranging and hence inevitably more superficial study of virtually the entire corpus of sociology, though with a leaning towards social institutions. In addition, many boards will now give candidates the chance to offer a piece of original social research as part of their assessment.

In all the new syllabuses, the emphasis is on the acquisition of skills rather than on the recall of a body of knowledge. The effect of the GCSE mantra about candidates showing what they "know, understand and can do" is clearly apparent. Since its inception, the academic sixth-form curriculum has been under the influence of the university tradition. In the past two years, by contrast, the tone of A level reforms, guided by the School Examinations and Assessment Council (SEAC), has been set by the need to provide continuity from GCSE. In effect, "top-down" influence has been replaced by "bottom-up". The 18+ Committee for Sociology at the council left for its successors a paper which emphasises, for both A and A/S level syllabuses, that the new orthodoxy is to emphasise skills in the use of knowledge rather than simple recall, and the ability to use sociological insights to reflect critically on the social world. The watchword is "relevance".

The fly in all this soothing ointment is the introduction of the national curriculum (5-16) at the beginning of this term. This constitutes a real threat to the teaching of social science, at least to GCSE level, since it does not feature as a core or foundation subject. The ATSS and FACTASS, the joint forum of social science organisations, have responded constructively to this threat via a series of responses to the national curriculum Council and to the SEAC, and there are encouraging signs that their arguments are being heard. In any case, it is possible that, as secondary school pupils of the future find themselves released from the straitjacket of the national curriculum when they reach the age of 16, they will kick up their heels and flock to the subjects that were previously denied to them. Consumer choice may again prevail in ways not foreseen by the advocates of the free market.

Discussion topic:

What is the importance of studying sociology in the 1990s?

Association for the Teaching of the Social Sciences, PO Box 461, Sheffield S1 3BF

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ESSAY

Tales of monstrous innocence

This decade has seen a deterioration in the material conditions of three million families. The consequent damage to children is a crisis Mrs Thatcher has exacerbated by her commitment to privatising everything, including children. But children are not commodities. They are an index of humanity; by this criterion, the UK is the most brutal of EC nations, the only one to veto the Family Charter, by which many much needed reforms will be passed. The pressures children now exert on adult lives have inspired the modern mythology of the child as both threatening demon and holy innocent

This is an extract from Marina Warner's "Into the Dangerous World: some reflections on childhood and its costs", published by Chatto & Windus, £2.99

Motherhood is its own reward. Oh yes? When you are reproached for leaving your child alone when you go to work, or blamed if you don't find a job; no wonder women hit their children in the street; no wonder the bawling child pinioned in the supermarket cart and red with fury at the sight of the glittering sweet counter, is silenced by a blow and stoppered with a lump of boiled sugar or a stick of chocolate or a dummy that moments before was on the filthy floor. It was the reason I wanted to write this pamphlet, that mothers in the

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street round me behaved so angrily with their children.

Economic stress magnifies the perception of kids as monsters, and this perception in turn works to justify the bitter, furious punitiveness of relations between parent and child. You must have heard the screaming children, who scream all the more when their raging mother jerks their arm or shouts at them: the "discipline" provokes more grief, it only serves to remind all around that the task of mothering is tough, the little blighters are abominable, the job is thankless. Hitting children winds everyone—parent, infant, passers-by—into a knot of ever tightening stress. The proximity caused by lack of space, lack of work, lack of minders, lack of time intensifies the deeply felt helplessness of adults facing baby power, child demands. The innocent becomes menacing, the hapless malignant.

Popular mythology strengthens the current attitude, and significantly, far beyond the circles of the disadvantaged and the poor, the single mother or the divorcee. The cost of children, in energy, time, emotion as well as money, takes its toll. In films, in television drama produced by people who haven't ever whacked a child in a public place in sheer desperation, kids have been regularly represented as actually possessed by the devil (*Rosemary's Baby, The Exorcist*) and the preternatural strength of babies, in no way emanating from their progenitors, but appearing out of the blue to overwhelm them utterly, has become a recurrent theme of recent fiction. Writers as different as Anita Brookner (in *Latecomers*), Victoria Glendinning (in *The Grown-ups*), Marianne Wiggins (*John Dollar*) and Martin Amis in *London Fields* have introduced overpowering infants, the inheritors of romantic vitalism, possessed by splendid generous unconsciousness of might. Wicked children used to be old enough, but not quite old enough to know better, as in *The Turn of the Screw* or *High Wind in Jamaica* or *Lord of the Flies*. But now, it is babies who are monstrous, knowing, not innocent, devouring, not vulnerable. Among this literary throng of malignant cherubim, bursting with flesh, vociferating desire, the cartoonist Heath has created a memorable character, Baby, who looms so large in his parents' lives that he literally bursts out of their home, and when he needs new clothes, the balloons read: (Mother): "I went to buy him a new outfit today... They're sending me an estimate." Baby bawling in bed between them bears the caption: "We musn't let him get between us." The dark humour faces ups to child-power: the appearance of the tyrannical toddler in caricature is the equivalent of mother-in-law jokes, coping with unwelcome, half-tolerated authority, voicing rebellion so as not to look like too much of a doormat. (There's a grudging affection in the jibes, too, of course, as there is in the pet names, "pest" and "nuisance" and "little horror" and "menace". When a mother says, "Come on, trouble," to her three-year-old in a shop, she can mean it kindly.)

The monster baby represents the flip side of a new awareness of children's rights and presence; they haven't been increasing to an undivided reception. The black humour perceives

power in powerlessness because a small amount of recognition of the child's independence has been realised recently, and needs have been recognised.

It also reflects the increasing separation between the spheres of experience: in this sense, as well, children are coming to occupy the place of women, the mysterious, unknowable, compelling site of otherness, filled with power, yet unable to exercise it altogether, and all the more threatening for that, inviting abuse though innocent, culpable without cause—the analogy with femal sexuality becomes irrepressible.

The Monster child reflects uneasiness about the beast in all of us; but it coexists with another sacred infant, who holds up a mirror to human possibility at the opposite pole: for every demon child in this world, there's a cherub who belongs in everyone's lost childhood—the paradise where everything, even sex, was innocent.

The newborn Christ symbolised love, the redeeming love of God for humanity, and the cult of the Child Jesus flourishes in Catholic countries like Italy and Spain where children move among adults in public and in private in an atmosphere of tolerance and affection. Although Augustinian doctrine defined the newborn child as the habitation of the Devil, popular language—verbal and visual—paid little attention. Babies symbolise innocence, and those who do them harm are so many Herods. A few Puritans waxed menacingly about instincts of darkness in the untutored soul, and methods of discipline

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Peter Robinson

and education of horrendous cruelty were developed, both in England and New England. But someone like John Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, could write, in 1628: "A Child is... a man in a small letter, yet the best copy of Adam before he tasted of Eve or the apple."

Freud upset his colleagues when he defined, in the language of scientific objectivity, something mothers and nursemaids had always known, the "polymorphous perversity" of infants; his findings connect with the mystique of the female child in particular—the *femme enfant* idolised by the surrealists who believed that infantile sexuality endows the young with the thrilling power of unashamed, uninhibited knowledge. The lessons of 19th-century exploration and of pioneer anthropology also expanded the view of children's precocity and capacity: in Kipling, Mowgli is in revolt against human society, and Kim too lives as a loner in the society that employs him for his skills and cunning; Malinowski and Margaret Mead revealed the possibilities of a discreet social group, the Pacific islands "republic of children", who enjoyed self-reliance, playfulness in sexual experiments, an idyllic lack of restraint or penalties, and above all, freedom from consequences of their transgressions against the western code of childhood innocence.

The closeness of children to an ideal humanity is presumed in many responses to their conditions or treatment: besides the assault on the child's body and the perversion of parental power, the sexual violation of children excites outrage because immaterial innocence has also been exploited and destroyed. The desire for that innocence to remain inviolate isn't only altruistic, it isn't only for the children's sake that we want their vulnerability respected and kept safe. It is for our own sakes too, to help us entertain a vision of the possibilities for good. This isn't meant by way of criticism of the horror and alarm over the incidence of crimes against children, but rather, as clarification. Again, rather like the damsel in distress who transforms a wandering adventurer into a knight errant and proves his chivalry, the fragile, undefended and innocent child provides a lonely chance of showing disinterestedness in a world where the weak go to the wall. The philosophy of love, something the Greeks and the Christian Neo-Platonists were eager to discuss, pursuing an elusive understanding of what this highest good might mean, has dropped from contemporary discourse, and the hard questions, about the varieties of love and the ways society can help or hinder their expression, have not been faced, because romantic ideas about instinct and nature are clamouring for attention, and the love of children is assumed.

Children don't appear very much in the mass media, except for reports of massacres, natural disasters, or acts of violence closer to home, where their presence indicates the degree of the catastrophe. They're used in adverts, however, to guarantee purity and promise—of the product, the life insurance policy, the airline, the investment company, in the same way that "nature"—cascading waters, green glades in the background—makes any strong alcohol appear healthy as spring. Volkswagen published a photograph of a bare-chested man and baby with the message: "Six months free unleaded petrol for all new deliveries", neatly identifying themselves with green consciences and child-friendliness, and humanising the invisible Golf or Jetta in the form of a naked baby.

Children also enter the imagery of power: the fact of having children is immensely important to self-esteem and a good public image. When politicians or magnates are interviewed, they surround themselves with their offspring. Mrs Thatcher chose to celebrate the tenth anniversary of her reign with a photo opportunity featuring her first grandchild, flown in for the occasion. Wives, or husbands, no longer appear by the subject's side—this now seems somehow demeaning to the spouse and somewhat sentimental—unless their child or children are present. Most frequently of all, fathers will pose with children on their own. To hoist a son on one's shoulders shows one has the right values, that one is a person with priorities, a disinterested man who cannot be accused of thinking only of the recompenses accruing to his labour, or of never giving anything away for free. ("The powers of a parent are not bestowed...as a recompense.") The performance of fatherhood can be definitely disinfectant of power. A child is a warranty of selflessness, considered innate in a mother, not learned, and therefore less significantly virtuous than in a father. Yet when the same fathers of these highly visible toddlers are travelling, they will find that the facilities to change nappies are only in the Ladies. ●

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"Relax, it's not the police. It's just burglars." S Bogachev's cartoon is reproduced from "Soviet Humour: the best of 'Krokodil', published next week by Sidgwick & Jackson at £9.99

Real democracy at last?

NEWSPEAK: THE LANGUAGE OF SOVIET COMMUNISM
Françoise Thom (translated by Ken Connelly)
Claridge Press £9.50
GLASNOST IN ACTION
Alec Nove
Unwin Hyman £7.95 paperback/£15 hardback
LE MOMENT GORBATCHEV
Françoise Thom
Pluriel-Hachette (Paris)
THE MAKING OF ANDREI SAKHAROV
George Bailey
Allen Lane/The Penguin Press £17.95
LET HISTORY JUDGE
Roy Medvedev (translated by George Shriver)
Oxford University Press £25

Norman Stone

When Gorbachev visited Paris last June, his welcome was much less enthusiastic than it had been in London, let alone Bonn. One reason for this is that French commentators have been briefed by a very formidable lady, Françoise Thom. She is an austerely honest Huguenot, who spends her time reading the Soviet press—not just the obvious titles, but the far-flung provincial papers. She does not trust the Soviet regime one inch. Unlike the attitudinising right, she knows very well what she is talking about. The result, whether you agree or not, is very challenging.

It is also in places bitingly funny. An essential argument in the thinking of Françoise Thom and her school (of which Alain Besançon is the head) is that thought is trapped and shaped by language. Soviet language is, or used to be, notoriously long-winded, cliché-ridden, abstract. It is known in French as *la langue de bois*, the title of her 1987 book now translated as *Newspeak*. Anyone with an interest in the language of the left should look at it: for it is a long, remarkably documented and multilingual account of the relationship between totalitarian thoughts and corruption of language. The translator, Ken Connelly, must be a genius, for it can only have been a nightmare to compare Newspeak techniques in one language with those in another—for instance, the French Marxists' habit of overusing adjectives and infinitives as nouns.

Thom takes the story of Newspeak back beyond 1917, to the French revolution; ultimately, in its modern form, it descends from German social democrats' notions of what the working classes would make of Hegelian language if they had ever been interested in speaking it. The result, translated into Russian, makes for an utterly dead Newspeak, specially designed for boring and lying.

Gorbachev does not use Newspeak, but that is the tradition in which he was brought up. What do you make of the recent changes? There has, of course, been a spate of Gorby-books—mostly, to begin with, recycling the same set of facts, and reciting the same hopeful lines about the future of the Soviet Union under this charismatic leader. Since 1987, the set of facts has expanded and expanded, to the point at which genuinely new books can be written. Our own senior Sovietologist, Alec Nove, has written a very satisfactory book about the effects of *glasnost*. Since he is an old-fashioned polymath he can write with vigour not just about history and economics, but about literature and the theatre; and he also writes well, from the viewpoint of "market socialism" (which has long been advocated on both sides of the Curtain).

To read Russian nowadays is more valuable than at any time since 1914; the standards of, say, *Literaturnaya Gazeta* reflect the universal interests of the Russian intelligentsia, and you could easily spend the entire week reading through it and similar periodicals. It is therefore very useful indeed to have a polymath like Nove summarising so much. He is optimistic, in a rather battered way—in contrast to Walter Lacqueur, who is also producing a book about *glasnost*, and who sees a worrying revival of Russian nationalism at the heart of it. No one can know where these endless explosions in the Soviet camp will take us, but at least today there are no lies, and the language is straightforward.

Or is it? And is the lie not, somehow, immanent? Such is the point of Françoise Thom's very recent *Le Moment Gorbatchev*. Unlike Alec Nove, she takes ideology very seriously. It is not that Marxist-Leninism makes much sense any more, but the institutions which it created have survived, along with the will to power of the rulers and the party. They must split the opposition—ie, make a play for Germany. They also face a great problem of morale. Com-

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munism's relationship to civil society is that of parasite and host; "the new Soviet man", accordingly, has become drunken, inclined to pinch, and very disinclined to put in an honest day's work. Therefore the parasite has to leave off gobbling for a while, and must also pretend that its ways have been reformed—so that the intelligentsia can again be made loyal.

One way of showing this change of character is to allow the truth to be told about Stalin, say, or to promote the once-persecuted nationalities. But the will to power is there all along—in the use of troops, maybe with chemical weapons, to crush the Georgian demonstrations last December; in the continued rigging of elections; in the obstinate refusal to make more than very minor, and perhaps even bogus, reductions in the level of armaments. Beneath this, communist society, says Thom, is in a very bad way, and there will be a kind of hooligan Russian nationalism, with Afghan war-veterans as its spearhead, which the regime can use later on as *tons-tons*. The book ends very pessimistically: *La grande crise est devant nous*, she says, and adds that the west must not try to do anything very much about it.

This seems also to be the opinion of Andrei Sakharov, the Soviet Union's bravest and most outspoken internal critic in "the years of stagnation" (as the Brezhnev era is now known). What went into the making of such bravery? In Solzhenitzsyn's case, an answer is to be found in Michael Scammell's biography of 1983. The same cannot be said for George Bailey's *The Making of Andrei Sakharov*, which ekes out the few known facts about the man with endless speculation, bits of potted history of the 17th century scientific revolution and much else, to the extent one wishes paper were rationed.

Another brave Soviet is Roy Medvedev, who with great guile managed to write honest history. His *Let History Judge* first appeared in 1972, and was the best Soviet account of Stalin's criminal career to appear. It has now been revised and considerably expanded, because under Gorbachev there is a great deal more that is known—not least, the number of Stalin's victims has been made clearer. There are limits to what we know from archival sources, and access to these had so far been very restricted. Up to two years ago, some of the nastier archives were even being destroyed (records, for instance, of endless anonymous purge victims). Just the same Medvedev has profited from the vast increase in secondary sources to write a much more authoritative version of his book.

His point of departure remains the same: the Russian revolution was indeed a socialist one, but it became corrupted because there was no real democracy. The answer? Real democracy at last. Gorbachev is going down that line, being honest about the country's backwardness, and appealing to the west. The Soviet intelligentsia is emancipated, at last, and is responding with tremendous vigour. But can it all be changed without an almighty crisis? It is unfortunately the case—as Soviet spokesmen now easily admit—that the really coherent criticism of the Soviet Union has come from the right. Of that, Françoise Thom is an outstanding representative. Is she right again? I strongly hope not.

Cupboards full of skeletons

A NATURAL CURIOSITY
Margaret Drabble
Viking £12.95

Lucy Ellmann

Bogmen, wax museums and the excesses that fill the *News*—in her latest novel, a sequel to *The Radiant Way*, Margaret Drabble examines why we gawp so pleasurably at these spectacles. Whether natural or not, curiosity encourages personal and global mayhem and yet, she implies, no neighbourhood is healthy or complete without a few twitching curtains.

The Radiant Way was a less complex novel, following the paths of three women who approach the 1980s in every expectation of the rewards to which, having once been undergraduates at Cambridge, they are automatically entitled. A number of parties and partners are endured, as they head towards disaster. But they are able to ignore most signs of the times until, near the end of the novel, Alix finds a severed head in her car.

The story resumes in *A Natural Curiosity* with some of the odder methods by which Drabble's ageing jetsetters deal with the dark side of the radiant way of life. Forever travelling the M1, these people have a precarious hold on the ground and, unlike all those boring youngsters under 50, have suddenly realised equilibrium is what life's all about. To achieve it, one must confront one's fears. Liz gets herself on telly as an advocate of sexual relationships with children. Her argument is a little hard to follow but would certainly make great TV. Her ex-husband, Charles, goes to the Middle East to rescue someone he doesn't much like from terrorists, whom Charles feels responsible for inciting. He even attempts to read the Koran as penance, but compromises with the New Testament, which he steals from a hotel.

Liz's sister Shirley, the dead-end drudge of the last book, throws her apron to the winds and embarks on a steamy Parisian love affair heaped, by Drabble, with unpleasant physical consequences—sex is an excursion from reality that rarely gets people anywhere. Esther, mercifully absent through most of the novel, occasionally turns up considering marriage to someone respectable. And the dull, dutiful, energetic, non-violent Alix frequently visits the murderer who hacked so many heads off in *The Radiant Way* but who now languishes somewhat innocently in a Yorkshire prison, studying botany and hoping to hear from his long-lost mama.

They may shop at Waitrose but their cupboards are full of skeletons. The writing is livelier than in the previous book, and Drabble is at her most daring when she gets her characters in private, contemplating gross derelictions of duty—shall I or shan't I acknowledge that my husband has just committed suicide in the garage? Shall I just stay here in the Heathrow Hilton for a week and *pretend* I've been in the Middle East trying to rescue a kidnap victim from Muslim fanatics? Unfortunately, the main focus of the book is on Alix, whose demon suggests to her merely that she should do a lot of driving and buy a new baggy ethnic dress before earning the right to release a little aggression.

Drabble holds the reader's hand a little too tightly over the dangerous terrain she investigates. Her wordiness gives a sense of comfort and complacency that seems to rule out any great revelations. And the book is also slowed by her occasionally insufferable self-consciousness: "Shirley's behaviour... has been highly unlikely. It astonished me, it astonished her, and maybe it astonished you. What do *you* think will happen to her? Do *you* think our end is in our beginning...?" As no space is left for the reader's answers, the interrogation seems a waste of everyone's time.

She's best when she sticks to the job at hand. A minor character, on the verge of madness, prepares a dinner party while contemplating a lump in her breast which she hopes will prove fatal. "She slices an onion, and weeps," writes Drabble, for once driven to be brief. But usually the deeper issues poke out of the rich tapestry Drabble tirelessly constructs, repulse the author herself and then disappear altogether—making this a rather mild novel about seriously nasty things.

Gusto and disgusto

ACKERLEY: A LIFE OF J R ACKERLEY
Peter Parker
Constable £16.95

Carole Angier

J R Ackerley's most famous book, *My Father and Myself*, begins: "I was born in 1896 and my parents were married in 1919" (or in an earlier draft, "My father's penis was 12 inches long"). Peter Parker takes over this wonderful way with beginnings, starting his *Life* with the line: "J R Ackerley should not have been born at all." Indeed he takes over much more: Ackerley's openness about sex (continuing, "His mother, Netta, disliked sexual intercourse and was frightened of its consequences"); his elegance of structure (so this biography is naturally but not rigidly chronological); and his sardonic jokes, his shocking brevity (so the book is as full of wonderful, terrible jokes as Ackerley's). It is also clear and good to read, all the better for not attempting to compete with Ackerley's gleaming snow-capped prose.

J R Ackerley was an extraordinary man and an extraordinary writer, and I've always longed to know more about him. Of course, he told us a great deal himself—too much, for some

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people's taste. For Joe was a promiscuous homosexual, and the great love of his life was his dog, Queenie; and he had what Roy Fuller called great courage about (and others, like Harold Nicolson, a revolting fascination for) the lowliest and most intimate details of incarnation.

My Dog Tulip has chapters about Queenie's sex life and bowels (the latter originally called "Liquids and Solids"); all the books contain full and plain observation of homosexual life, calmly delivered. But no one can tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth about himself, least of all Joe Ackerley. For his books were, above all, art—the one thing he cared for more than himself. Also he wrote, "If there is any good to be said of me, others must report that," and he meant it. Peter Parker shows that Ackerley's life wasn't merely the bleak and anti-heroic disaster of *My Father and Myself* and *We Think the World of You*. This was more his chosen role as a writer: the lugubrious jester, as Parker says, or, still more memorably, "Eeyore to Forster's comfortable Pooh Bear".

What someone else can do, and Parker does, is to show how Ackerley looked from the outside (happier when young, but oh so sad when old), and to offer tentative explanations. Joe needs explanation if anyone ever did. He had boundless charm and good looks but no confidence. He was a crusader and rule-breaker, but in personal relations weak and passive. He was a great narcissist but full of self-loathing. He pursued his loves with obsessive emotion but somewhere inside was cold. He was idealistically romantic and sexually fastidious, but for much of his life recklessly promiscuous.

This book made some sense of that for me. Unable to reach sex through love he sought love through sex, he said; and Peter Parker writes that he made the mistake of applying the criteria of art to love, and hoped, impossibly, for perfection. But it was also, I think, something simpler: Joe didn't want to love anyone, he only wanted to *be* loved. That was why he was happier with Queenie than he ever was or could be with any human being: because (as he says himself) she gave him constant, exclusive and uncritical devotion, which therefore he gave her in turn.

That—the 15 years with Queenie—is wonderfully described here. (And yes, Parker does tell us *what they did*, though no more than Ackerley has told himself.) The famous story of his father's double life is also well retold, though no one could do it better than Joe himself, or his half-sister Diana Petre, in her *The Secret Orchard of Roger Ackerley*.

The same is true of the terrible tales of his last love and of his sister Nancy, told in *We Think the World of You* (being released as a film this very moment) and *My Sister and Myself* respectively. I have therefore only a few reservations about this excellent biography (apart from some loose ends—for instance, why didn't Roger marry Netta sooner? What happened to his mistress Muriel?).

First: compared to the riveting retellings of the life, the chapters on the work—25 years as literary editor of the *Listener*—are, despite Parker's attempts to emphasise the fights, reverential and dull. But second and more important: *he's chosen the wrong work*. Ackerley may have been a great literary editor; but he was also a great writer. Astonishingly, Parker never says so, though others do, and though every word of Ackerley's he quotes, down to the most hurried letters, has perfect beauty. I would happily read Joe's laundry lists. (*And* his friend E M Forster's, who said, for instance, that he was re-reading *My Dog Tulip* with "more gusto and disgusto" than ever. Is there some mysterious connection between buggery and verbal brilliance?) If the "work" chapters had been about the books instead of the *Listener* they couldn't have been dull.

So in the end this *Life* really does do what *Lives* should, and sends you back to the work. Everything but *My Sister and Myself* (chilling but brilliant) is now in Penguin. To adapt Julia Strachey on *My Dog Tulip*: "I don't know when I read anything so indecent, disgusting, touching, beautiful and stylish; I do fervently recommend them all."

Pursuit of the millennium

LONDON FIELDS
Martin Amis
Jonathan Cape £12.95

Martyn Harris

Some writers you like so much you get a personal stake in them. I worry over Burgess's smoking in case he never gets to write another big one. I want Mailer's alimony out of the way so he can stop writing potboilers.

I've been sending psychic messages to Martin Amis since I finished reading *Money* for the third time, five years ago. Get on with it, mate. Dickens did a book a year, and you're 40 already. Would I like to review the new one? I couldn't wait to wrench it from the courier's hands and rend it from its Jiffy bag.

I swallowed the first half in one sitting, enviously underlining phrases as I went. It is set in 1999 London, a city even more squalidly gridlocked than today; alternately grilling and drenching under the greenhouse effect, where rain has come to sound "like industrial gas, escaping from the rooftops".

Political, economic and military crises are converging towards an apocalyptic millennium. Everyone is wasted by mysterious diseases. The narrator, Sam, is dying of something-like-Aids. His girlfriend Lizzyboo is eating herself sick. Nicola Six is plotting her own murder. Her would-be lover, Guy Clinch, is crippled by an erection of titanic tumescence. His baby, Marmaduke, is a sociopathic monster. Keith Talent, a typical Amis superyob, who fuels his career as a TV dartsman with porno liquor, cigarettes and bowel-blasting curries, sits "blinking through his windscreen, whose fuzz and splat now subtly harmonised with the pond mantle and bobbing tadpoles of his tarnished vision".

Amis was always great with the words, of course: the only English writer of his generation to kick his way out of the reticent, genteel language of the contemporary novel into a modern idiom which manages to be both coarse and eloquent, demotic and cerebral. He has a sharp ear for the cant phrases of everyday life like "heritage" and "prestigious" and the tics of pub talk with an "as such" and "innit" suffixed to every inanity.

"Where's your boeuf statificate?" demands Keith of Kath, his wife.

"Yer what?"

"Bit of paper says when you was born."

The question is, can Amis do anything else? Superheated rhetoric is okay, but novels need structure, and Amis's have a habit of collapsing into anticlimax where you find it was the mysterious psychopath who dunnit, for no reason whatever. Amis isn't interested in character, plot, motivation. "Motivation is pretty shagged out by now," says the Amis character in *Money*. "Go for a walk in the streets. How much motivation do you see?"

Well, quite a lot actually, and it is a remark which reveals a remoteness and lack of human curiosity in Amis, which can make his novels unsympathetic and snobbish. Keith Talent is simply brutish; Guy Clinch is simply a drip; Sam is simply a cipher for the authorial presence. Three quarters through *London Fields* I was bored with wondering which would kill Nicola Six and wishing somebody would just get on with it. In denying motive Amis denies his characters the capacity for change, which in turn rules out the manipulation of reader sympathy—the strongest lever in fiction.

Instead of character the book offers chronocentrism—the conceit that your own age is more special, more scary, more apocalyptic than any other. It might be—but it is a truth which must be glimpsed from the corner of the authorial eye, not harped on with the portentousness of the reborn eco freak and the whine of the nuke neurotic. The pursuit of the millennium is for lunatics, preachers and second-rate novels—of which this, sadly, is one.

A radical 'Roots'

THE TEMPLE OF MY FAMILIAR
Alice Walker
Women's Press £12.95

Julie Wheelwright

Rock star Arveyda proves to Carlotta that she will never experience poverty again by blowing thousands of dollars round their bedroom with an electric fan and then making love to her on a carpet of money. But this is no mere act of decadence, the narrator assures us: "It was not without cause, that he was rich and famous. Arveyda and his music were medicine and seeing or hearing him, people knew."

In *The Temple of My Familiar*, Alice Walker's first novel since she won the Pulitzer Prize for

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The Color Purple, Arveyda is a "deeply spiritual man" who ministers to his folk-rock audience like a priest to his flock, shouldering the artist's responsibility for uniting the world. "Even if the music was about fucking—and because he loved fucking, a lot of it was—it was about the fucking the universe does through us as it joyfully fucks itself." He is the quintessential sensuous spirit, who gives his lovers instantaneous orgasms, makes them loaves of bread and is a great father to boot.

Walker has optimistically created a "new man" in Arveyda. But he's so perfect that, like the other characters who roam through the 405 pages, his credibility is strained. Set in contemporary San Francisco, the conflicts of Arveyda, Carlotta, Fanny and her former husband, Suwelo, are resolved neatly and with such political exactitude that it's hard to get involved with them. Walker deviates sharply from the gritty, painful detail that brought Celie and Miss Shug to vibrant life in her historical fiction. She's created a radical *Roots* with a heavy dose of New Age philosophy that races through—as the publicity blurb promises—"a romance of the last 500,000 years".

There are stories within stories, the centrepiece of which is the relationship between two ageing black artists, Lissie and Hal, who venture into their past lives to pass on their knowledge. Suwelo, a disaffected black American historian, meets them in Baltimore where his great-uncle Rafe has left him a house. He heads east to reassess his relationship with Fanny and to cure himself of his sexist attitudes. Lissie and Hal have been together for 5,000 centuries and believe that Suwelo's generation of men, who have disappointed women, can be reformed.

Past-life regression—the experience of remembering previous incarnations—has become an accepted form of therapy in the United States; Walker uses it here as a literary device, a metaphor for black American women's experience explored through Lissie's 13 personalities. The most successful is the contemporary description of her childhood on an island off the Carolina coast. (When she reaches back to 19th century slave society, she falls short of American writers like Toni Morrison whose novel, *Beloved*, revealed the enormously complex rules of survival.) The scope is so ambitious—Walker moves from the Stone Age to the American depression at a dizzying pace—that history is reduced to mere backdrop.

The central theme of black women's oppression for Walker stems from the destruction of the African mother-goddess that paved the way for patriarchy's ascendency. This links Lissie's previous incarnations with Fanny Nzingha's journey of self-discovery to the newly independent African state of Olinka, where she is reunited with her father and half-sister. But here, the conflicts between the American Fanny and her African relations are submerged beneath a resolution and harmony that ring false.

Fanny's meeting with Bessie Head provides the only moment of unease and intrigue. "I felt she didn't quite approve of me," says Fanny of the exiled South African writer. "I felt I appeared too solid, too complacent. Too sane." It's disappointing that Walker chose not to explore further the tensions that black Americans face in dealing with their relationship to Africa. Ironically, the very real Bessie Head shows up the artificiality of the mythical Olinka.

This is a novel that celebrates the experience of blacks and Latinos in contemporary America and counters the stereotype that all are mired in poverty, drugs and crime. However, there is more than a hint of the Californian flakiness that accompanies success: *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* replays itself in the final scene, where Arveyda and Fanny head off to the sauna leaving Carlotta and Suwelo in the hot tub.

Walker is a writer who bubbles over with optimism and moments of pure joy through her characters. But in her desire to portray successful black Americans and to tackle a wide range of historical and political issues, the novel is stretched far too thin. A small slice would have been infinitely more appetising.

At the sharp end

THE SECOND WORLD WAR
John Keegan
Hutchinson £19.95
THE TIMES ATLAS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR
John Keegan (editor)
Times Books £27.50

Nicholas Richardson

Hitler, John Keegan thinks, was a military snob, but one of a particular kind, a combat snob. Something rather similar might be hazarded of Keegan himself. He has always been at his best with the big battalions, the sharp end of conflict. So *The Face of Battle* was a better book than *The Mask of Command*, and it's not surprising to find him writing an enthusiastic introduction to a recent study of infantry battles in ancient Greece, where push really came to shove.

Keegan accompanies his narrative with a series of set battlepieces, of strategic analyses, and of "themes of war". The whole thing may look a little over-deliberate. In fact, *The Second World War* is beautifully ordered and, like everything Keegan writes, a pleasure to read.

The set pieces are the Battle of Britain, Crete (airborne troops), Midway (the carriers in action), the closing of the Falaise Gap (the tanks), Berlin (city warfare) and Okinawa (combined operations). They have been chosen as much for their marking a revolutionary departure in warfare, as for their influence on the outcome of the war itself.

Keegan is as incisive as usual on tactics, innovative in his discussion of the way in which what were originally conceived as strategic arms, from the submarine to the strategic bomber, became tactical ones. Over strategic bombing itself he seems to hedge his bets. It didn't achieve what its partisans had hoped. But it diverted some two million Germans into anti-aircraft defence, virtually paralysed German war production by the end of 1944 and, carried out with even fewer scruples against Japan, destroyed her will to resist by the summer of 1945.

He is less happy on Grand Strategy. He glosses over the debate on the "Mediterranean strategy", for example, and regards the Italian campaign as a massive strategic error.

This will put a lot of backs up. So will Keegan's references to special operations and the Resistance. He argues that this must be judged by three gallant but bloody failures: the Warsaw rising, the Vercors, and the Slovak revolt. They hardly troubled the Germans. On the other hand, the activities of SOE "afforded high excitement to the journalists and intellectuals who staffed it". Setting Europe ablaze, in short, has been a greater media than military success.

The role of cryptanalysis, the breaking of Axis codes, was by contrast vital. This has become so widely accepted over the last decade that Allied failures seem the less explicable. But Keegan has always been good on Clausewitz's "friction of war". So poor Freyberg, for example, knew everything about the projected airborne assault on Crete, and could do almost nothing. His communications were wretched, and his troops virtually without transport.

In his preface to *The Times Atlas* (not just a pretty format but a minor miracle of compression) Keegan rightly points out the enormous civilian losses of the war. It was what made it unique and total. But, except where civilians were involved in war production, his text barely treats them: the Ethiopian campaign claims more space than the Holocaust.

This makes for a certain discomfort. Perhaps these two splendid books are just a little too finished, too sumptuously produced? *Dieu, que la guerre est jolie...*

Revolution and revelation

THE VISION OF ELENA SILVES
Nicholas Shakespeare
Collins Harvill £11.95

Robert Carver

A slave in all but name, Gabriel Lung's grandfather was brought to Peru from Macao to toil in the guano fields. Elena Silves's grandfather made his way from Portugal, via the Amazon, after the rubber boom of the 1890s. In the 1970s Gabriel and Elena's fates become intertwined, he a revolutionary of *Sendero Luminoso*, the Maoist Shining Path movement, she a mystic who has visions of the Virgin, cures a man of terminal cancer, and is spirited away to a nunnery by an embarrassed Church.

This is a boldly ambitious, even epic novel, written with precision, clarity and rare beauty. Nicholas Shakespeare's grasp of Hispanic and Andean idiom and culture appears instinctive. I found it hard to believe the book had not been

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translated from the original Spanish of a native son, an unknown Limeño Garcia Marquez. Perhaps only a coolness of tone, an authorial distancing from the book's characters hints at an Anglo-Saxon attitude.

Alongside Lisa St Auban de Terán, Marina Warner, Salman Rushdie and the late Bruce Chatwin, Shakespeare now joins the ranks of the New Exotics school of contemporary British fiction. Like theirs, his canvas is deliberately vast, his themes resolutely unparochial, his tone serious, unapologetic and scarcely even English at all, in the old pejorative sense that was once used to describe the dull little novels of NW1.

Like theirs too, Shakespeare's style has been informed by the South American magical realists, and more distantly perhaps by Calvino. But it is Bruce Chatwin, to whose memory this book is dedicated, who is the strongest influence. Like Chatwin, Shakespeare employs a melange of history, anecdote, exotica, and the camouflaged poetry of the strange and the wonderful, with what those of the older tradition of English Exotics, such as Lawrence Durrell, called Spirit of Place.

Not until page 60 do we approach our protagonists, which slows the pace, while antecedents, ambience and Greek chorus are established; flashbacks and an earlier, more dramatic introduction to the narrative would have won more readers. Shakespeare understands the tensions and complicities between Inca and Hispanic, revolution and revelation, male and female, Old and New Worlds. The author has been a gaucho in South America: I suspect there are more tales to come from the times when the silver maté bowl passed round his camp fire. We may just have a new Cunningham Grahame on our hands.

Public and private

BEYOND THE CASINO ECONOMY
Nicholas Costello, Jonathan Michie and Seamus Milne
Verso £8.95 paperback/£24.95 hardback
AFTER THATCHER
Paul Hirst
Collins £7.99

Andrew Gamble

One of the greatest obstacles to making Labour electable again has been the party's policies on the economy. The Conservatives have held the initiative as the party of prosperity and economic competence throughout the 1980s. That is now changing. The return of familiar economic problems in the past two years has punctured much of the easy euphoria about a British economic miracle so sedulously propagated during the 1987 election campaign.

These two books are part of the debate on economic policy which is now being conducted within the Labour Party. They agree on many things. Thatcherism, both argue, has had much less long-term impact on British society and politics than is sometimes suggested. Post-Fordism is a myth. Both are fiercely critical of the doctrines of economic liberalism and reject the notion that there is now an irreversible global tide in favour of free markets. Both see the source of Britain's problems in the persistent failure to create a strong manufacturing sector. Both highlight the institutional pressures which ensure that short-term criteria dominate investment decisions by British managers and civil servants.

Nevertheless they reach very different conclusions for policy, mainly because they have such different conceptions of what is politically practicable. *Beyond the Casino Economy* is a restatement of the main themes and arguments of the alternative economic strategy that was developed in the 1970s. It argues that a democratically planned economy remains possible and would be popular. The authors criticise Labour's leaders for abandoning socialist principles and endorsing Conservative ideas.

They draw on a wide range of studies to demonstrate the necessity for planning and to show how it could be organised. The tone is national protectionist throughout. They do not advocate immediate withdrawal from the European Community, but they oppose Britain's membership of the EMS and argue for a renegotiation of the terms of Britain's membership to allow a British government full independence to pursue its policies. They call for quantitative import controls, exchange controls, nationalisation of at least one major company in each of the 24 leading sectors, and nationalisation of the commercial banks.

The authors readily acknowledge that their programme would be politically precarious. It could hardly expect a warm welcome from British boardrooms, yet since only a small part of British capital would be expropriated, it would still require their cooperation. Such cooperation would be secured through the pressure exerted by a mobilised Labour movement. To bring about this mobilisation and to ensure that the pressure was maintained, the Labour government would need to increase public spending substantially, introduce a minimum wage and a fully-funded national childcare scheme, raise living standards and create full employment. These would be paid for out of the taxes accruing from the increased level of activity.

The problem with all such programmes is that they wish away constraints on governments and the need to make trade-offs between different policy objectives. They underestimate the degree of chaos and sabotage that would accompany any direct challenge to private capital. Even if the government weathered the challenge, the dislocation that would have been caused would almost certainly require a prolonged period of austerity, which would severely test the loyalty of the electorate. The idea that the economy can be fundamentally restructured, while simultaneously maintaining and improving living standards, seems highly optimistic. For all their interesting analysis the authors remain trapped in the implausible politics of economic protectionism.

What distinguishes Paul Hirst's latest book is its much greater political realism. He shares the desire to rebuild a strong manufacturing sector but he does not believe it can be done by the Labour movement on its own. He argues the need for building partnership between the public and private sectors, creating in the process a new corporatism, encouraging the development of enterprise, and abandoning traditional socialist methods such as nationalisation, in favour of new methods of economic regulation and legal accountability. He discusses with great ingenuity the various institutional ways by which a change of direction can be brought about. Above all, he links his economic argument with a political argument that Labour should accept the need for constitutional change and electoral reform. Only in this way can the kind of consensus be created that might cope with the long-term restructuring of the economy.

It may be that Hirst is too optimistic about the prospects for changing the direction of the British economy. Can an enterprise economy be re-established in Britain? But this book makes a major contribution to the creation of a credible Labour economic strategy for the 1990s.

The singular Evelyn Waugh

THE BRIDESHEAD GENERATION: EVELYN WAUGH AND HIS FRIENDS
Humphrey Carpenter
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £17.95

Sean French

This odd group biography suffers from the simple problem that it's not obvious that there ever was any such thing as a "Brideshead" generation. There was certainly a group of aspiring artists who arrived at Oxford in the early twenties, and ten years ago Martin Green wrote an outstanding book about them, *Children of the Sun*.

On the whole, however, the job of a cultural historian should be to break down facile conceptions about artistic groups and generations. What is interesting about the Oxford contemporaries like John Betjeman, Henry Green, Graham Greene, Anthony Powell and Evelyn Waugh is not what they had in common (which was very little) but what divided them. The only figures who gain from being associated with the group are those like Harold Acton, Brian Howard and, to some extent, Cyril Connolly, who never achieved the success that their glowing careers at Eton had promised them.

This book is devoted mostly to the life and work of Evelyn Waugh. Early on a good deal of attention is devoted to his illustrious contemporaries but these gradually fall away during the course of the book as if Carpenter had gradually

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discovered how little they had in common.

Some of the connections can be a little desperate. Carpenter cites Noel Annan's description of Maurice Bowra's eyes—"pig's eyes, fierce, unforgiving, unblinking, vigilant. They were inspecting the enemy's dispositions"—and then concludes: "This could be a description of Waugh in his final years." Even if this were true—and those who have seen Waugh's television interview with John Freeman might well dispute it—what does it matter?

Equally absurd is Carpenter's attempted connection between Waugh and Orwell: "Malcolm Muggeridge has compared Waugh's posing as a country squire with George Orwell's adoption of the dress and style of the working class. Waugh perhaps perceived this, since he always wrote respectfully of Orwell, both in public and in private..." But, as is clear from Waugh's reviews and letters, it is Orwell's *writing* for which he had judicious respect.

Carpenter devotes many pages to identifying the sources of characters and events in Waugh's fiction but he is at his most instructive when he shows, almost despite himself, the extent to which Waugh's literary world was an invention. Even his incorporation of real people and events was a way of radically remaking them.

It could be argued, especially in the genre of biography, that it is easier to write a long book than a short book. Humphrey Carpenter wrote a good life of WH Auden, followed by a life of Ezra Pound that was twice as long and half as good. This book is also too long, taking 500 pages to deconstruct its own argument, showing, beyond question, that Waugh was too singular and unaccommodating a figure to identify himself with anything.

In search of 'eutopia'

WELCOME, THINNER CITY: URBAN SURVIVAL IN THE 1990s
Colin Ward
Bedford Square Press £5.95

Rodney Barker

"What city would you find most enjoyable and liveable in, and why?" The question is modest but important, and is typical of Colin Ward's approach to the discussion of how we live and how we might live. Most of us, I suspect, would be more likely to choose Amsterdam than Brazilia. The best cities are useable and accessible, and have that diverse complexity that Ward calls a "fine grain". Rational planning, whether by investment developers or public authorities, doesn't usually give you that, but confronts you instead with big, crude solutions: 100 yards solid of glass and steel walling, dividing the city into monolithic blocks and monolithic functions.

Colin Ward has always been a believer in what Patrick Geddes called "eutopia": the ideal but achievable future. It's an approach which necessarily rejects grand plans and grand planners, and is equally suspicious of large business and large government. The best solutions are seen as both ad hoc and unpredictable, since they are the result of people individually or in groups taking power over the space in which they live.

Ward takes both socialists and capitalists at their word and calls their bluff. If capital is such a wonderful thing, its advantages should be available to everyone; if power is for the people, then that is where it should go, not to either landlords or governments. But he is cautious about talking of property rights, and demands instead "dweller control". The essential rights of householders and occupants which anarchists from Proudhon on have demanded are what he is after. They can be equally subversive of capitalism and state socialism, for though Ward wants some kind of state action to depress urban land values so that the poor may house themselves, "I do not trust government, neither do I trust market forces".

To argue in this way is to produce neither a deeply original nor a deeply theoretical book. But it is an enormously sensible and good-natured one. Again and again Ward declines to score points off what for anyone else would be irresistible targets. He is interested in showing us all the wonderful and practical possibilities he has come across, rather than in savaging those who are responsible for the urban mess we are in.

An eclectic optimism bounces and sparkles off every page of this book. Ward describes with equal delight allotments in Hackney, pig and chicken runs in Kentish Town, workshops in Bologna, self-build housing associations, housing co-ops, and residents schemes from Bristol and Barrowfield to Coin Street and the lower East Side. His enthusiasm is infectious. Only the other day I saw this huge patch of unused walled-in green space at the bottom of the Mall. Just the thing for a city farm.

Love triangle

THE PALE COMPANION
Andrew Motion
Viking £11.95

Anthony Quinn

Andrew Motion's debut novel is the first in a projected sequence of ten, covering the period from 1968 up to the present. This kind of undertaking can be seen either as ambitious or merely presumptuous: it's like an untried after-dinner speaker standing up and promising to tell not one but *ten* anecdotes. Perhaps his first story is brilliant, wins his audience's hearts and sharpens their interest. But what if it isn't, and he has his listeners enjoining him to sit down and bother them no further? Motion would naturally not wish to entertain the second contingency, but he has nonetheless placed his book under an immediate and quite unnecessary pressure.

The scope of his project will invite inevitable comparison with Anthony Powell's 12-novel sequence, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, though Motion might take heart from more recent efforts by his own contemporaries—William Boyd's *The New Confessions*, Graham Swift's *Out of This World*—to look beyond the cramped horizons of the domestic English novel towards the broader canvas of 20th century history. Boyd's novel, in particular, seemed to me a very creditable shot at the "intimate panorama" because it maintained an expert symbiosis between the chaos of its protagonist's personal life and the turning-points of modern history.

Francis Myne, the protagonist of Motion's novel, is at public school in 1968 when he hears of Bobby Kennedy's assassination and, later that summer, the invasion of Czechoslovakia; but these momentous events intrude on the book only as so much radio interference. Motion is game for a bit of where-were-you-when reminiscence, but what really interests him is the anguish of one boy's sentimental education.

On this level, *The Pale Companion* is a quiet success. The *annus mirabilis* of revolutionary fervour is reflected in Francis's school by a bomb in the games shed, but Francis is more exercised by his relationship to his ailing twin sister, Catherine, and an older boy, Keith Ogilvie: it's a triangle whose full implications remain obscure to the end. Exactly halfway through the novel Catherine, spectre-thin from leukemia, dies and leaves an emotional void in Francis's life; a symmetry is destroyed, and Francis is suddenly forced to re-evaluate his life, his friends, his love affair with Keith. He finds little comfort from his separated parents—a reticent brigadier and the brittle, glamorous Adele—whose place in the general scheme also awaits elaboration.

Yet despite this turmoil very little of Francis's character emerges: his introspection is triggered by remembered fragments of conversation or momentary images, but they never seem to be pointing anywhere. Even when he's acting he seems passive—a pale companion is right. In a tirade at the end of the book, Keith tries to put him in perspective: "You don't know how to make things happen, Frank. You're obsolete—you know that? Right at the start of your life. Obsolete. You and all your lot." That "all your lot" looks like a significant theme for future exploration, and it had better be an interesting one if Francis is to come alive for us.

What doesn't work is Motion's attempt to integrate a backdrop of contemporary upheaval. Francis and Keith's bid for a piece of the revolutionary action at a Vietnam demo in London is fair enough, but in a year when the social fabric of certain countries was coming apart a sentence like "Somewhere Adele was sitting in her Mini listening to the radio and somewhere else the tanks were trundling through narrow streets" hardly captures the spirit of age. If this is all he can muster for 1968, then we're in for a dull old time in the seventies (hark, the distant thunder of the three-day week). As it stands, *The Pale Companion* is a finely composed and mildly engaging work of fiction, but it suffers the odd misfortune of being hostage to the ghosts of books not yet written.

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Beverley Levy

From here to Eternity

Sarah Mower on consumer nausea and the death of Style

The summer of '89 resounded to the death-knell of Style. The streets of London, where Style was invented by a self-consciously ambitious clique of students, designers and journalists sometime in the early eighties, filled with people delighted to look almost as scruffy as the streets themselves. Colourful baggy T-shirts, baggy shorts, cut-off jeans, long corkscrew locks and trainers—all worn by both sexes—were in sharp contrast to the buttoned-up suits, briefcases, high heels, short back-and-sides and French pleats of two years ago.

No one dreams of getting a job in the City any more; cool kids ride pushbikes instead of aspiring to Porsches (the ownership of which is now sniggered at as a personality defect); Yuppie is an insult; young women want to be called "girls" and refuse to aspire to the *Daily Mail* image of the female executive, and as for real women—late twenties, thirties—they're all pregnant, careers on hold.

Style journalists, hardly surprisingly, are running for the hills. Robert Elms, once the angry young man of *The Face*, is now the Cheeky Chappie of Radio 4, while Julie Burchill has comfortably converted herself into the Glenda Slagg of our times for the *Mail on Sunday*. Meanwhile, Richard Jobson, poet, dancer, singer, journalist, model, TV presenter—quintessential eighties trendy—has changed those most important of accessories, his friends. As he announced to the *Sunday Times*: "Phoneys are out... Now my friends are plumbers, decorators, barmen, footballers."

Amusingly, the only remaining backwater of behind-the-times Style-adulation seems to be at the *Sunday Times*. Two weeks ago, it bravely rolled out its new(!) Style and (smaller print) New Society section to open the offensive in the Sunday newspaper war. But that fits perfectly. Style, in the sense of the hard-edged, matt-black, power-crazy, money-mad, I'm-all-right-Jack ethos of the eighties, was the style of Thatcherism. The *Sunday Times*, the *Mail*, the

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Express, Today, can no more let Style go than admit that Maggie Thatcher's spell over the population might be weakening.

They cannot afford to analyse the shifting mood lest they discover that the crisis in consumerism goes deeper than the obvious repercussions of high interest rates. What if—aside from the fact that hefty mortgage repayments are forcing people to hold back on spending—it turns out that we're actually sick of buying stuff anyway?

We are, of course, talking about largely southern "haves", and not John Moore's non-poor, whose privilege it is to own a fridge and a TV. We are talking, more to the point, about Mrs Thatcher's constituency, about everyone who has gobbled up credit-card jam today, Next Directory's delivery tomorrow, holidays in the Med the day after.

If people start to want something more solid and less selfish than instant personal gratification, what then? Society, as Mrs T instructs, does not exist—but how does she propose to deal with a rising popular demand for things that can only be defined as for the greater good of all rather than private profit?

The newly comfortable don't want another sofa but a good local school to send their kids to. Having a CD player is all very well, but what if you're run over and the ambulance takes an hour to arrive? Perrier is a way of life, but shouldn't we be able to drink what comes out of a tap?

Along with the Green Revolution comes a crisis in conscience, a wave of guilt and consumer nausea. It's giving advertising copywriters—those other eighties Stylefolk—a hell of a hard time. The witty complicity with which they've ridden the trends of Thatcherist aquisitiveness is beginning to break down. Witness three current poster campaigns: *Lid free* (a topless Vauxhall sports car); *Green Peace* (holiday in the Isle of Man); *Friend of the Earth* (Appletize carbonated apple juice). All three "jokes" are predicated on the idea that Green consciousness is "trendy", no more than a flavour of the month. Their cynicism implies that Green issues, Green groups are a mere fad; their attitude displays an out-of-touch yobbishness that values nothing other than the sell.

Garçons customers may be a small group at the sharp end of the style crisis, but their worries are a sign of the times

Such crass advertising critically misjudges the prevailing mood, and the problem isn't going to go away. How do you advertise when things get serious, when people begin to mistrust surface gloss, become resistant to marketing ploys, return cynicism with cynicism, question not only the style, but the content?

The most upmarket advertising is now self-consciously attempting to sell meaning and content rather than style—at its most extreme, a hilarious exercise to behold. Contrast Calvin Klein's mid-eighties scent, Obsession, advertised with murky sepia photos of a heterosexual orgy (instant, responsibility-free personal gratification) with his 1989 alternative, Eternity, promoted with pictures of an imaginary, perfectly beautiful nuclear family (sharing, caring, longer lasting, full of values).

The fashion advertising that considers itself the most advanced has all but given up showing the product, perhaps fearing that anything approaching hard sell might offend sophisticated sensitivities.

Benetton goes in for showing a multi-ethnic horde of children, The United Colours of Benetton. (We are nice, healthy unprejudiced, smiley people. So buy a jumper.) The Gap, purveyors of good basic casual wear to the middle-classes, shows photographic portraits of "real people"—artists, film-makers, dancers, architects. (We think you, too, are a highly creative Real Person who cares more about Deep Things than fashion. So buy a T-shirt.)

Funniest of all is the "magazine" Six, put out by Comme des Garçons, the Japanese designer label. God forbid you should think of it as an advertisment, or even a brochure: we are not here to sell clothes. It's a large-format "book" of state-of-the-art fashion photography or, rather, a turgid sequence of visual non-sequiturs in grainy black and white.

Page after page of blurry street shots give the cumulative impression of the failure to capture action—there's something (perhaps something dreadfully ordinary) going on just outside every frame. The message, of course, is There's Meaning in Here Somewhere—and if you don't get it, don't ask.

Dissenters, however, will find an interesting key at the back of the book. Hidden on the final spread is a tiny, tiny shot of a packet of Japanese cigarettes. The moral being that, however far below the line you get, however high-mindedly oblique and visually obscure the advertising, it's a nonsense to pretend to escape the commercial pay-off.

Angst-ridden Comme des Garçons customers may be a small group at the sharp end of the Style crisis, but their worries are very much a sign of the times. The spooky thing is that Mrs Thatcher and her advisers, who, we can be confident, have never heard of Comme—have already caught on. Never accuse Her of being stupid.

On 27 August, the *Mail on Sunday* reported a new palliative strategy for the affluent guilty: "Ministers will say that incomes and the standard of living of 25-40 year olds have risen by a third in ten years...although they have gained most, this group is the most guilty of ignoring the needs of others...Home Office Minister John Patten said yesterday...'They can repay their debt not just by paying their taxes but by being better citizens and giving time to charity work'."

In other words, if you want a more humane world, do it yourself. After ten years of being spoon-fed with goodies, are Mrs Thatcher's new wealthies ready to swallow her latest panacea? Or are they more in the mood to bite the hand that feeds?

Art

In the rough

Frances Borzello and Colin Gleadell on the Whitechapel Open

The opening of studios to the public has become commonplace in Britain over the past few years, but the scale of the **Whitechapel Open** this month is unprecedented, writes Frances Borzello. It highlights the fact that east London boasts the highest number of artists per square mile in Britain and probably in Europe and North America as well.

Acme and Space, the two agencies supplying affordable studio space to artists in east London, handle about 800 artists between them. About 1,600 artists have submitted work to the Whitechapel Open, 600 of whom are opening their studios to the public and this concentration of artists has led to talk of the east London art scene being one of the most exciting in the world.

Yet there is little in east London's artistic history to prefigure this development. Its position east of the City has always put it beyond the pale for cultured Londoners. Its artistic landmarks like the Whitechapel Art Gallery have never inspired pockets of bohemia to compare with Hampstead, Fitzrovia or Chelsea. Most of its artistic history has been to do with "civilising a rough" as Lord Rosebery put it so delicately at the opening of the Whitechapel Art Gallery back in 1901.

The Reverend Samuel Barnett, the Whitechapel's founder, believed that looking at paintings would make his East End parishioners more spiritual, with the bonus side effects of also making them clean, law-abiding, family-minded people, and able to pass public houses without going in.

Every Easter from 1881, he filled the church schoolrooms with the finest contemporary art, and then, his wife recalled, he stood on a chair, "as many hot breaths and unclean clothes were not helpful", and talked about the paintings, finding meanings in them that had more to do with his Christian beliefs than anything the painters intended.

Although bizarre to modern minds, this "civilising through culture" was part of a late 19th-century attempt to find a cultural solution to the problem of the poor—of which William Morris's theories are the best known and most acceptable today. The Reverend Barnett's mission has left no legacy outside the Whitechapel's admirable education programme and there is no hint in this history that artists would one day settle in east London.

The current artistic explosion began 20 years ago and is based on two factors: the availability of low rents and large spaces.

In the sixties, artists set up studios in east London, often in the Thames-side warehouses where Docklands yuppies now reside. Their

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trailblazing was consolidated with the foundation, in 1968, of Space and then in 1970 of Acme, non-profit organisations that were set up in order to find affordable living and working space for artists.

So successful were they at freeing artists from rent and renovation worries that independent groups of artists developed their own studio centres along similar lines. These complexes are today one of the wonders of east London, ranging from the famous Beck Road colony of artists' homes and studios to the Carpenter's Road building in Stratford which houses about 100 artists.

The galleries followed the artists, the earliest being little more than spaces in the Acme and Space-run studio blocks that artists could hire to show their work. Then came the galleries run by someone with a point of view. Matt's Gallery was the first in 1979, still in its Martello Street home today. Director Robin Klassnik has to teach to live, but his artists' installations have ended up in the Saatchi collection or representing British art at foreign festivals. In 1984, Maureen Paley opened Interim in a Beck Road house.

The critical reputation of the funded galleries drew the commercial galleries, attracted as well by big exhibiting spaces at reasonable rents. Anthony Reynolds came to Old Street five years ago and Flowers East recently celebrated its first birthday in Hackney, brought there from the West End because its artists were growing in stature. Literally so in the case of someone like Nicola Hicks who needed space to show big works and, says the gallery's Jane Hindley: "The gallery either had to change its policy or find a bigger space."

The classification between funded and commercial is one the galleries use themselves. Those which get some financial support are, in Maureen Paley's words, "not only committed to the selling of art, but to the displaying of it and the installing of it".

Even so, the two groups have more in common than they like to admit. Whether the work on show is the avant-garde site-specific variety, or the more conventional prints, drawings, paintings and sculptures, both groups offer contemporary art.

Anthony Reynolds wonders if the curators, collectors and curious have a romantic notion of an east London art that is at the cutting edge; Kate Bush of Camerawork, which given its earliest incarnation as the Half Moon Photography Gallery in 1972 can claim to be the area's oldest living gallery, believes there is a division between commercial West End art and the radical and experimental east London variety.

These days, a select band of East End galleries, commercial and funded, is on the list of any collector or curator who wants to know about advanced British art. Which leads to the question: is there an east London school of art?

Probably not—at least, not yet. There are too many artists doing too many things for a single style to emerge and none of the galleries deals solely in east London artists' work, preferring a mix of local, national and international artists. On the other hand, in the age of packaging, it can only be a matter of time before a movement called East London Art is leapt on by the Sunday supplements.

Whitechapel Gallery

The Whitechapel Art Gallery at the turn of the century: making East Enders "more spiritual... more clean"

Jenni Lomax, community education organiser at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, says that a French curator engaging the gallery's aid in selecting work for an east London artists' exhibition, decided that what the artists had in common was "resourcefulness"—that being poor, their imaginative use of everyday materials dictated the form of their art. Yet no art can just *be* and once defined in a catalogue introduction, the east London school will officially exist.

It is difficult to predict the future of the east London art scene.

One fear is that with property prices rising in the area, Space and Acme will find it harder to negotiate leases for light industrial sites. Already artists have moved as far east as Leyton, eight miles from the centre of London.

Although West End galleries don't need artists in the neighbourhood for nourishment, it seems that east London's studio complexes are an essential part of the vitality of the overall scene: a new arrival like Flowers East is continuing the tradition with a floor of studios up the next flight of stairs. This proximity of "exhibitor" and "maker" is typical of the area, even though one does not automatically show the other.

And for the artists living there, the east London environment can be a drawback. The absence of congenial cafés and restaurants hinders the kind of cross-fertilisation that inspired the impressionists in Paris or the abstract expressionists in New York.

For the visitor, east London's landscape of light industry, council housing and fifties shop fronts, strewn with litter left there by councils too poor to pick it up, does not make for a pleasant place to stroll and only possible gentrification will make it too expensive for the artists to live there.

The scattered locations of the studios and galleries is off-putting to visitors used to the compact convenience of New York's SoHo or London's Cork Street. The vagaries of the buses and the infrequency of taxis makes an epic quest of the journey east. There are a number of interesting studios and galleries around Mare Street in Hackney, but cheerful talk of Camerawork being only 25 minutes walk from Chisenhale is not the way to appeal to visitors. An awareness that the distances can seem daunting has led the Whitechapel to arrange bus tours of the studio sites.

On top of all this, a question hangs over the artists' and galleries' loyalty to east London. While some, like Debbie Duffin, co-ordinator of the Whitechapel open studios event, believe that the artistic community should and does interact with the local community—artists teach locally, send their children to local schools, buy east London homes if they make any money, add their creativity to the area in a dozen nebulous ways—others would move out tomorrow if funds allowed.

The visitor leaving the Bonner Road complex where Debbie has her studio is faced with a newspaper cutting about studio break-ins pinned to the gate. David Thorpe, whose Showroom Gallery is in Bonner Road, says that East Enders are territorial and don't automatically welcome artists with open arms.

Flowers East locks its door because it is not at street level and one cannot see who is coming up the stairs. On days when the rose-coloured spectacles are mislaid, Anthony Reynolds' decision to open a second, smaller gallery in the West End could well seem like the start of an exodus.

Despite—or maybe because of—all this, the east London art world has developed a personality all its own. Though the Whitechapel Art Gallery's initiative in organising the studio openings can only be loudly applauded, it would be a shame if art in east London were organised out of its originality.

As Maureen Paley of Interim says: "It's not 'a scene' that needs to be hyped. It is building up gradually. It appeals to people who really like art."

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Just what is it that makes the "East End Open Studios" so different, so appealing? Historians of postwar British culture will recognise this plagiarism, borrowed, and modified from Richard Hamilton's iconic "pop art" work of 1956, writes Colin Gleadell. Its playful cynicism was originally directed at the effect of media advertising on the bourgeois lifestyle ("today's homes") of the fifties, but its critical thrust is equally relevant to the hype that now surrounds the contemporary art business as a whole.

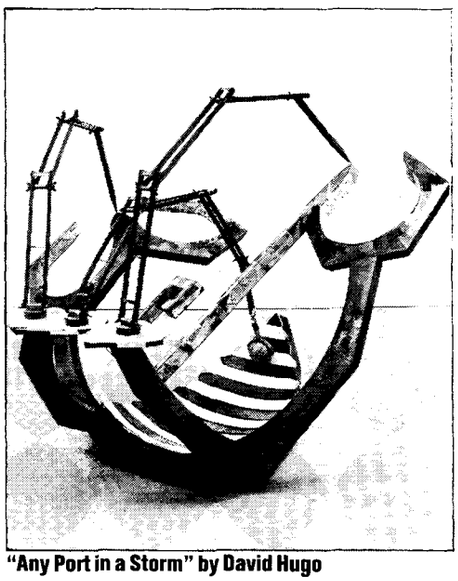
The heart of the problem is, of course, money. Roughly eight times a year, after the contemporary art auctions in London and New York, readers of the serious dailies (with the notable exception of the *Guardian*) are confronted with headlines that substantiate what every trader wishes to establish, that contemporary art can make big bucks, and is destined to make still more.

Even supposedly "objective" art critics make astonished references to auction records and gallery prices in attempting to establish a context for their value judgements. At key levels, the answers to the questions of *what* to buy and for *how much* are being taken out of the hands of the individual by a massively capital-based industry of taste-makers.

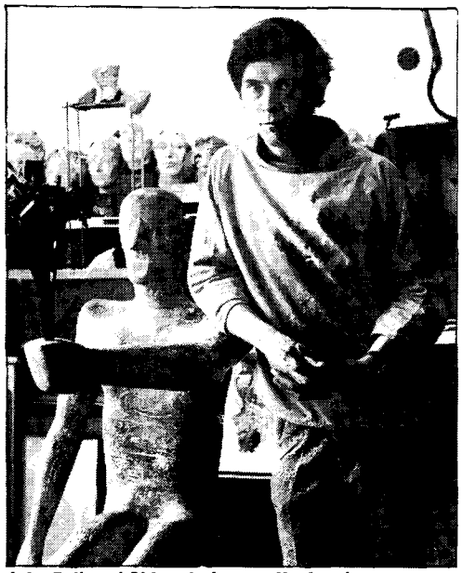
Just what makes the East End Open Studios so different, so appealing, is that they have grasped the nettle by employing media tactics, with the help of the Whitechapel Art Gallery, to encourage the public to investigate what they do at first hand. While artists have always been willing to sell directly to collectors this activity has never previously been co-ordinated on such a large scale for the benefit of such a wide audience.

As one of his last acts as director of the Whitechapel, before moving on to the Tate, Nicholas Serota instigated this co-operative venture with typical pragmatism. Since the Open's comparatively rudimentary inauguration last year, studio rents have doubled, and, with limited outlets, many of these artists are struggling to make ends meet.

In spite of the increasing number of commercial galleries and saleroom initiatives to sell work *direct* from studios, supply heavily outweighs demand.



"Any Port in a Storm" by David Hugo



Whitechapel Gallery

John Fuller at Chisenhale—on the bus tour run

At the same time, a close reading of the catalogue which is supplied by the Whitechapel Gallery, as a supplement to its own selected "Open" exhibition, will reveal a significant number of artists who have shown at, or are represented by, respectable commercial galleries. Their prices will therefore be structured accordingly.

One could, for instance, compare prices for Adam Gray's studio work with those currently on show at the Anderson O'Day Gallery in Portobello Road; or those for Christopher Bledowski, now showing at the Alexander Roussos Gallery near Bond Street.

This is how the market works, initially, even at the highest level. Prices in Cork Street for early career artists have multiplied roughly in line with the escalation of rentable property values that has taken place throughout the past two decades.

So Paula Rego, an Open Studio artist who is represented by the Marlborough Gallery where Bacons sell for millions and Auerbachs for tens of thousands must consider her gallery and its clients when deciding what to sell in the East End and for how much. There are also those who, like Helen Chadwick, have established their reputations through self-help and institutional support, and can judge their commercial potential accordingly.

But for the majority of Open Studio artists who have not yet begun to climb the ladder of success, it is still simply a matter of making ends meet.

Their pricing structures are likely to be the most arbitrary (from £10 upwards), and as such, offer the greatest challenge to those who do not need the persuasive powers of the media *or* the market to tell them what they should like, or how much they should pay for it.

The Whitechapel Open runs at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, 80–82 Whitechapel High Street E1 and surrounding studios until 22 October.

Television

In control

Rosalind Brunt on the rise of Sue Lawley

Against the grain of British TV's male chat show convention, *Saturday Matters*' punning title implies a self-effacing presenter and some down-playing of the show-biz angle for more serious, "issue-based" conversation.

But the self-effacing host is no stranger to the viewer. Obtaining her "own" chat show was the clincher in Sue Lawley's considerable BBC career that has crowned her, in tabloid-speak, "The Queen of TV". She has presented *See For Yourself* and hosted Radio 4's most revered institution, *Desert Island Discs*. She was the only woman to present, with an all-male team of correspondents, *News '39* and has deputised for Terry Wogan and Robin Day. Consider how unlikely it would be if Day or Wogan deputised for each other across the rigid light entertainment/current affairs divides of broadcasting and you get the measure of Sue Lawley's standing.

"Cool", "direct", "immaculate" are the sort of adjectives used about her approach. In its way, her persona could well say as much about the state of the nation now as Richard Dimbleby's in the 50s. She is emerging as the all-purpose national broadcaster, the voice of the BBC into the nineties—a precarious position, especially for a woman.

She has managed to avoid the sort of sexual speculation that can enhance straight male broadcasting careers (Bough's and not Harty's) but renders women's altogether less legitimate (Angela Rippon, Anna Ford, Patty Caldwell). The tabloids have pronounced her "Mrs Clean/Mrs Normal", with two children, nice second husband plus "the sexiest legs on TV".

The components of this image are brought together in the opening credits of *Saturday Matters*: shots of stilettos and black nylons are juxtaposed with bookshelves and microprocessor; the red-nailed hands choosing jewellery also feed a fish and put down a coffee-cup. Successful Working Woman—glamorous, but no-nonsense; in control and controlled.

Outside the studio are other sorts of, not so successful, women and sometimes they get in. When the *Six O'Clock News* was disrupted last year by women protesting against the passing of the Local Government Act's clause against the "promotion" of homosexuality, Sue Lawley calmly went on reading the news. When later praised for her "heroism", she said that the real credit should go to her colleague, Nicholas Witchell—who had sat on the nearest woman.

Sue Lawley doesn't consider herself at all political and wasn't sure what her producer meant when he called her a "post-feminist woman". But when it comes to squashing alternative definitions of femininity out of the frame, it's good to have a strong man around.

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Film

It's only words

Suzanne Moore on the art of conversation

Eric Bogosian as phone-in host Champlain in "Talk Radio"—before the rules are broken

The more we can talk to each other—the less we do. Technology originally designed to make communication easier has, in fact, made it harder. And now we are so overwhelmed by media that we have forgotten what the message is anyway. Or so the arguments go, as we harp back to the golden days when *real* people said *real* things to each other. Actually I'm not so sure this was ever the case. Maybe, as Peter Cook says, it's the other way round—"Conversation killed the art of television".

Both films this week centre on what happens when communication breaks down completely. What happens when, as Oliver Stone, director of **Talk Radio**, says, someone "cannot tell the difference between what is real and what isn't". He is referring to Barry Champlain, the central character of his new film, played by Eric Bogosian. The film is, in fact, an adaptation of Bogosian's stage play of the same name.

Talk Radio is set almost entirely within the confines of a radio studio in Dallas, where Champlain hosts his own late-night phone-in show. Here is another American film in which Dallas, the pride of Texas, is presented as hell on earth. All of Barry's callers are bitter, warped, desperate people: the rapist about to rape again; the Nazis and fundamentalists who threaten him over the phone. Champlain copes by being nastier and faster than them, his ego is on the line, his tongue on the draw.

When his big chance comes to go national he refuses to compromise and gets drawn deeper into the shit he is stirring up. Stone's camera circles the airless studio until we know that somewhere out there one of these scumbags is waiting.

Bogosian is good at suggesting a man who tries to control others because he has lost control of himself, surrounded by nursemaids in the shape of his girlfriend and ex-wife stupid enough to put up with his appalling behaviour. If the film suffers from having to flesh out an unlikeable character—I mean this is a guy who makes James Whale look acceptable—it's at its most scarily intense when Bogosian is alone in the studio.

What is most frightening about this film is that much of it is based on truth—the screenplay incorporates detail from the book *Talked to Death: The Life and Murder of Alan Berg*, the Denver talk-show host who was murdered by neo-Nazis in 1984.

The anti-semitism only just below the surface of America spills out. Whether it's impoverished farmers who believe that US support for Israel is bleeding them dry, or the proud youth of the Nation of Islam, "Jews" are held responsible for all that has gone wrong with America. Champlain initially understands this attitude—"What if your country is slipping away?" he asks as he accuses his audience of being mesmerised by their own fear—but eventually the cynically liberal response of understanding why someone should be so full of hatred does nothing to get rid of that hatred. And the film throws up all sorts of questions about free speech. Should these murderous views be given airtime at all?

Yet talk-shows, as flawed as they may be, are the nearest the media ever gets to a two-way conversation. The illusion of dialogue, of an active rather than passive audience, is maintained even though the calls are heavily vetted and controlled. It's no accident that the technology that has been developed and marketed to the public—TVs, radios, satellite dishes—has consisted of receivers not transmitters.

"Words cause permanent damage," is one of Champlain's slogans, yet the most subversive moment of the film is not when he is ranting on in one of his shocking diatribes but when he *stops* speaking. In this silence, as the endless swirl of opinion and conversation and chatter collapses, we are suddenly alone.

Clara (Gabrielle Rose) in "Speaking Parts"

The isolation of modern life amid the proliferation of media images is also Atom Egoyan's subject. His new film **Speaking Parts** follows similar themes to last year's brilliant *Family Viewing* and confirms him as a film-maker of dark originality. Unlike Barry Champlain, Lisa, one of the film's central characters, no longer has any faith in words. "There is nothing special about words." Like everyone else in the film she seems entirely alone, in touch with the world only through video images. Again Egoyan mixes video into the film and plays with textures until recognisable images turn into strange abstractions.

As Lisa does her menial job in a hotel she becomes obsessed with Lance—a hologram of a character, an actor who has never had a speaking part. But Lance is involved with Clara, a writer whose true story about the loss of her brother has been optioned by a producer. The story is being rewritten all the time and she and Lance can now only communicate through satellite link-up. While this might sound like a doomy overdose of alienation it is underpinned with ridiculously funny and disturbing dialogue and you can't help admiring the way that Egoyan manipulates his images in a film *about* the manipulation of images.

The climax of *Speaking Parts* is a virtuoso piece of editing and, unusually, Egoyan makes you care about these weird and empty characters. His message, like that of Steven Soderbergh's *sex, lies and videotape*, is deceptively simple: only connect. Yet, like many young film-makers who have grown up in the media explosion, he understands he is always implicated in what he is criticising. Given this, opposition is impossible. Instead his films are a kind of interference. No one in his films can ever get away from the images that surround them; they reach out to someone only to find a screen.

Somehow, sometimes, in *Speaking Parts*, they reach out to each other. As flesh touches flesh, Egoyan makes us believe that it is still possible to know the difference between what is real and what isn't.

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Art

The last supper

Kathy Acker on Andy Warhol and an American tragedy

1962. One of the first of Andy Warhol's **Death and Disaster** series, *Optical Car Crash*. In pale green and pale brown, American hospital colours, a photo of a dead human in a car. Like a written text, seven lines, five of these photos per line.

1962. In the United States, in two years, John F Kennedy will die and the hippies will be born. Not quite life out of death. The country is in a period of high economic prosperity. Yet in this nation of geographical space and mass culture, art or representation increasingly seems more powerful than what is being represented, and probably more important than economics. The Americans now have as leaders a team, John and Jackie, who can equal the Europeans in beauty, sophistication, and love of art. There is a smell that reeks in the US, a smell partly emanating from Havana, but only dogs spend their time sniffing. Pop Art is about to flower.

Most of the Pop Artists were concerned, as content matter, with kitsch, with the content of American culture, with the nature of American culture, with the American way of seeing things, thus, of knowing.

The hippies believed that if you handed a policeman a flower, he would hand you his gun. When Mick Jagger sang *Dead Flowers*, much later, he offended those who still believed in PEACE and LOVE. When Warhol made *Optical Car Crash*, no one wanted to know, as my parents put it, "about such things". Death.

Especially the death in *Optical Car Crash*. In American culture there's not much difference between a thing and the representation of death. In *Optical Car Crash*, Andy Warhol both represented death and, through the use of repetition and the lack of painterliness, by turning death into an advertisement, devalued death.

At that time some people knew, for the radical Weather Underground wasn't blowing up electrical power stations without reason, that the underside of the American economic system was human deaths. But Warhol intuitively showed, even if he didn't know, that such an economic system caused and was caused by a culture based on devaluation, a culture whose final value, death, was also without value.

Vietnam. The breeding-ground of drugs.

I remember seeing my father die. By American standards he had been a good man. He had worked hard and been both kind and fair to those who worked under him. I was told this at his funeral. By American standards, he had had a good life: wealth, a beautiful faithful wife, children. In the hours I spent with him in that hospital room, I saw him come unwillingly to the realisation that all this, the American way, was nothing and worse than nothing. There was no justice in

Magnum

the world. His culture had given him no way to deal with death, his own death, so neither his own death nor his own life had any value.

Victor Bockris, author of *Warhol: The Biography*: "You've got to realize that all of Andy's work is autobiographical.

"Look at the 'Marilyn Diptych' (1962). When he was a child, Andy had wanted to be a movie star. But look how he's turned that around: this is a portrait of decay. Marilyn's a Campbell Soup can; she's canned goods.

"By 1962 Andy's not producing the world he wants; he's clearly mirroring the world he sees.

"Most of Andy's great portraits are of women. His best male portraits, Elvis Presley and Marlon Brando, are of his male ideals. Sexual. Whereas his portraits of women are all portraits of death. Liz Taylor when she was supposedly dying after a tracheotomy. Jackie immediately after the assassination.

"The *Death And Disaster* series was made in 1963 and 1964. At that time, no American gallery would show this work. Andy received critical recognition in Germany long before acclaim in the States. In fact, his American dealer at that time, Eleanor Ward—she's dead now—refused to show these paintings on the basis that they were trash.

"Andy began the *Death And Disaster* series in September 1963 [sic], a few months before Kennedy's death. In his first important interview, in *Art News*, he stated that his next show would be titled *Death In America*.

"Look at one of the *Death And Disaster* series, *White Burning Car III*. Look at the hanged man. This picture is sexual."

Kathy: "It's also religious."

Victor: "Andy was a very religious man. At this time, prior to 1968 when he was shot and everything changed for him, he cared only about painting. He loved art with a religious, passionate rapture. He made one of these paintings every day. He knew they were his main paintings. Once the *Death And Disaster* series was finished, Andy's image bank had been used up.

"Now look at this 'electric chair' painting. Andy is clearly pointing to the American way of life, death."

On 26 July of this year, Senator Jesse Helms introduced an amendment to the fiscal year 1990 interior and related agencies bill. The purpose of his amendment was "to prohibit the use of appropriated funds for the dissemination, promotion, or production of obscene or indecent materials or materials denigrating a particular religion". "Obscene" or "indecent" or anti-religious material is defined further by three categories: "(1) obscene or indecent materials, including but not limited to depictions of sado-masochism, homo-eroticism, the exploitation of children, or individuals engaged in sex acts; or (2) material which denigrates the objects or beliefs of the adherents of a particular religion or non-religion; or (3) material which denigrates, debases, or reviles a person, group, or class of citizens on the basis of race, creed, sex, handicap, age, or national origin."

The United States' Senate has overwhelmingly approved this amendment by voice vote. The bill is now in a joint House-Senate committee, awaiting compromise.

From the Kennedy years to here.

In 1963 Warhol was at the height of his career, though not economically. He was making the *Death And Disaster* series; the Factory had just begun: he commenced making films.

In 1963, his paintings, as Bockris said, represented the death in, and therefore of, American culture. Not only this. Since Warhol was formally not only mirroring but actually devaluing art and thus culture, he was representing the culture in a way that the art world then could not bear.

It might be that Warhol became caught in his own mirroring. In 1965, he announced that he was finished with painting. He didn't actually stop painting, but he no longer painted anything new. After he was shot in 1968, his images of death and cultural devaluation were simply empty gestures. Here was true death; the passion in the *Death And Destruction* series had gone.

Perhaps it was the business that killed the art: keeping the Factory going must have prevented Warhol from taking a rest and renewing himself when he should have. Or perhaps it was the culture that turned him, an artist, into the living dead: American culture, the Image-Maker, has a way of doing that.

In his later years, desperate to find the magical fountain, Warhol collaborated with Basquiat, Haring, and other young painters. He must have found something. *Untitled*, 1986, is as splendid as any of the *Death And Disaster* series; its subject matter, the Last Supper, represents not only death, but death and betrayal.

The grand tragedy of Warhol the artist could be a mirror of the tragedy of American culture in the years from the presidency of John F Kennedy to the Jessie Helms amendment. The tragedy of a culture whose concern is with buying and selling, not death, but finally only dust. As Warhol said, in America art is business.

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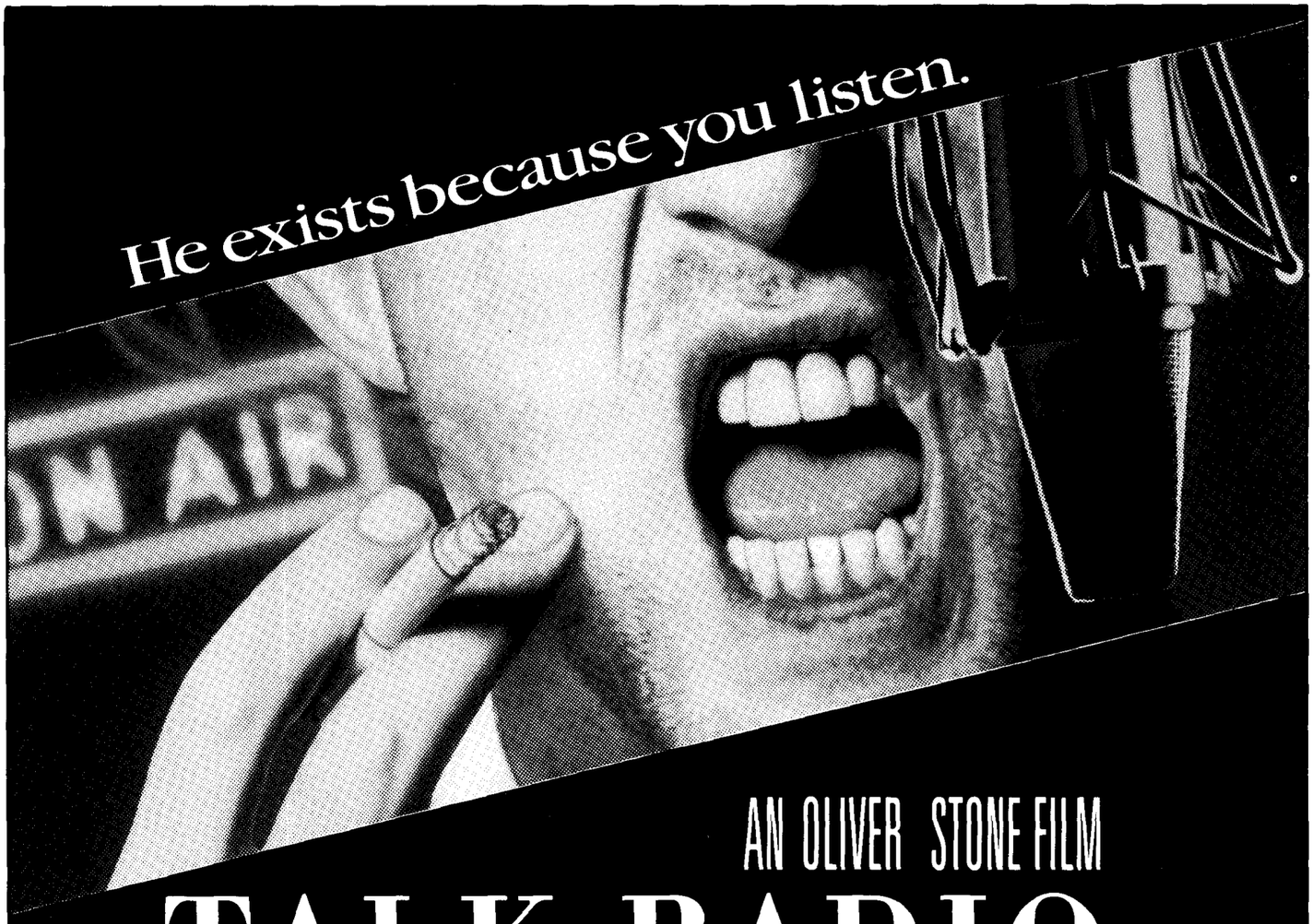

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BASED ON THE PLAY BY ERIC BOGOSIAN and TAD SAVINAR AND THE BOOK "Talked to Death: The Life and Murder of Alan Berg" by Stephen Singular

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F.L.A.T. (Facility for Living and Assessment Together) requires Community Project Assistants. The F.L.A.T. Project trains and assesses people who have learning difficulties (mental handicap) to live more independently in the commmunity. Hours: 35 p/w and a personal allowance of £154.76 p/m free accommmodation and bills, excluding personal tel. calls. Interested? Contact F.L.A.T. on 01 403 1542.

NICARAGUA HEALTH FUND need volunteers to work during the day in our small, friendly office near Oxford Circus. The work is routine but varied. Travel expenses paid and as much tea and coffee as you can drink. Ring Joy or Sarah on 01 580 4292.

VOLUNTEERS needed to assist in the running of a Saturday Access Centre, WC1. The Access Centre provides a safe place for parents and children who live apart to meet and spend time together. One Saturday per fortnight; local fares and lunch expenses paid. For information tel: Christine Renouf - 01-377 9141/ Jenny Hale 01-278 2424.

HAMMERSMITH & FULHAM Council for Racial Equality seeks volunteers for welfare rights group. Gain experience of advising the public on their rights. No experience necessary - training course begins end of September. Speakers of minority languages are especially welcome. Contact Mary or Georgina: 741 5715.

I AM DESPERATELY seeking Susan, Jim, Hilary or in fact anyone who is young, fit, a driver and in need of a challenging low-paid "job" for a few months. Free accommodation + pocket money W. London. Steve Cribb 01-560 2605 or 01 577 3226.

INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL Research seeks Live-In Workers to participate in a diverse range of social issues - from community development to international conciliation and human rights work. Sense of humour, level-headedness and an aptitude for paperwork more important than experience. Full board & pocket money. Tel. 01 834 2457 or write to: Mr. R. Hauser (Director), 16 Ponsonby Plc, Pimlico, London SW1 4PT.

A UNIQUE YOUTH Training Scheme sponsored by CSV has offered training to young people nationwide in Community Care for 10 years. We are finding it difficult to provide suitable affordable accommodation. We wish to develop work placements where accommodation can be offered on the premisis. If you can help or want more details call 01 278 2071

THE NUMBER SHOP offers free, informal, one - to - one numeracy tuition to any adult over 16. We are looking to recruit more volunteer tutors to help in it's unique work. Training will be provided and you don't have to be a maths genius to volunteer. Please contact: Angela Valente, The Number Shop, 67 Bread St, Edinburgh, EH3 9AH. Tel. 031 229 0382.

WANDSWORTH Alcohol Advisory Service. Volunteer Alcohol Support Workers are now being recruited. Following a 12 week training course (3 hours a week), Support Workers will cover the Wandsworth area. A minimum commitment of one year after completion of course. Please call Jayne Love, Co-ordinator of the project on - 672 1024 x49 - for details and an application form.

THAMES HELP

Thames Help, presented by Jackie Spreckley, is a four minute local social action programme. It apears three times a week on Thames Television, at 6.20pm approximately (check TV Times for details). Here is a summary of this week's programmes.

THAMES HELP! As usual we have produced booklets to accompany many of the programmes in the series. Recent publications include:

SPECIAL CARE BABIES
SPECIAL NEEDS EDUCATION
VIOLENCE BREEDS VIOLENCE
(The Case Against Smacking)
LEGIONNAIRES DISEASE
ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE

If you would like these booklets or any of our publications they are free and can be obtained by writing to:

Thames Help!
PO BOX 11 London NW1 3HZ.

THAMES TELEVISION XXI

Thames Help, Thames Television PLC, 149 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 9LL. Telephone: 01-387 9494.

PHOBIC ACTION needs mobile volunteers to befriend people with phobias/severe anxiety and assist self-recovery. East London area. Training course starts on 14.9.89. Contact Emma, Phobic Action, Greater London House, 547/551 High Road, London E.11 4PR. Tel: 558 3463.

ARK (environmental movement) is looking for volunteers to help our membership department. Any time you can give in our Parsons Green or Westbourne Pk offices during office hours will be very much appreciated. Further details please call Paul Marshall on 968 6780.

SHEFFIELD PARENTLINE requires volunteers to train as tel. counsellors. If you are a parent yourself, and can give some time to listen to and help other parents under stress, contact: Parentline, CVS Hse, Divison St, Sheffield, or telephone Sheffield 730269 between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. any weekday.

LONDON WILDLIFE TRUST is looking for a "minute taker" to help relieve the pressures on the Director at meetings. Attendance at 12 evening meetings a year. Word processing skills would be useful. Write in confidence to: Jeremy Iles at London Wildlife Trust, 80 York Way, London N1 9AG.

THE FEMINIST LIBRARY is now at 5 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1, and needs more volunteers to help staff the library and undertake a variety of jobs for which no specialist library skills are required. The Feminist Library is open on Saturdays only during Sept. from 10 - 6, and from the first week of October will be open on Tuesdays, 11 - 8, Saturdays and Sundays, 2 - 5pm. For further information call 928 7789.

LEONARD CHESHIRE HOME for ten people with a mental handicap in S.E. Lonndon requires volunteer Care Assistants. Accommodation & expenses + allowance paid . Contact Nick Baxter/ Louise Child 01 659 8962.

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ELCHANAN ELKES Assoc. for Intercommunity understanding. Volunteers are needed in Israel from the middle of October for various projects with elderly & handicapped. Some projects last 3 weeks some 2 months. Experience prefered. Phone 0533 775369 or 0533 415582.

BRENT Bereavement Project is looking for volunteers to visit recently bereaved people in their own homes and provide ongoing emotional support. Full training given. Travel expenses paid. For further information please contact Valerie Wise 459 6818.

HOUSEBOUND LEARNERS Project - Wandsworth - requires local volunteers to share their learning with a housebound person. You will attend a weekly adult education class in an interesting subject. You do not need to be an expert but you must be reliable and interested in learning and sharing ideas. A regular commitment of 4-5 hrs p/w is involved. Expenses paid. For more details phone 780 1162 or write: Housebound Learners Project, Hotham School, Charlwood Road, London SW15 1PN.

PHOTOGRAPHIC Enthusiast with Cerebral Palsy needs volunteer to help set up photographic/ video courses. Telephoning, letters, administration and some physical care - toilet, preparing food. You need to be fit, flexible and a driver. Payment by commission on course fees. Hours negotiable. Contact Barry 701 8686 or Jackie 701 1391.

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Formal interviews will be held on **13 November 1989.**

Ref: 89/596/3/NSS

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For further details please contact Janet Parsons, Assistant Area Director, on Leatherhead (0372) 373771; or Frances Jones, Area Mental Health Social Worker on Leatherhead (0372) 386727.

Ref: 89/587/1/NSS

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If this post interests you please telephone Nicholas Grealy, Locality Team Manager, or the Duty Officer on Oxted (0883) 717311.

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Thames , LWT and Capital Radio are once again mounting "Christmas Line", the 24 hour telephone advice line that opens when London closes down for the Christmas break, and they are looking for a Co-ordinator to produce and run the service.

The successful candidate should have a good knowledge of London and a genuine interest in community affairs as well as a journalist's eye to on-air programme possibilities. They should be prepared to work long hours and be able to manage a small dedicated team tactfully and efficiently. Knowledge of computerisation would be an advantage. Ideally the successful candidate should be able to start straight away.

Please apply by hand-written letter enclosing CV to: Simon Buxton, "Christmas Line", Thames Television PLC, 306-316 Euston Road, London NW1 3BB.

The closing date is **Monday, 25 September 1989.** Applicants who have not heard from us by Monday, 9 October 1989 should assume that they have been unsuccessful.

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For information pack and an application form, please telephone 01-387 9062 (24 hour answerphone) or write to Wendy Shuttleworth, quoting ref: 117/89/SRO, Personnel Unit, The Sports Council, 16 Upper Woburn Place, London WC1H OQP. Closing date: 6th October 1989.

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(Starting salary dependent on experience and qualifications)

We are looking for applicants with motivation to make life in a children's home a positive experience for the residents. The Home and the attached Independence Preparation Unit is in Raynes Park, SW20. It specialises in giving long term help to young people between 13-17 years old. The major emphasis is on helping them to achieve eventual adult self sufficiency. It is part of a range of services that includes a bedsit project, move-on accommodation, a Reception Home and field social work.

If you are experienced, enthusiastic and committed to working with children in a residential home, we may have just the job for you. We require a high level of interpersonal skills and proven track record in helping children in difficulty.

For an informal chat, please contact Martin Head, Officer-in-Charge, on 01-947 5311.

An application form and further details are available from the Director of Personal Services, Personnel Section, 4th Floor, Crown House, London Road, Morden, Surrey SM4 5DX or telephone 01 545 3644. Please quote reference PC804/805. Closing date for receipt of applications: 6th October, 1989.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
merton

Merton is an Equal Opportunities Employer
All applications will be considered on their merits.

HOSTEL MANAGER

Central London

St Mungo Housing seeks to appoint a Hostel Manager for its largest project, a 110 bed, direct access hostel in Endell Street.

This hostel provides accommodation for some of London's most vulnerable homeless men coming directly from the street.

This is a key appointment within SMH, a very successful housing association which offers an original approach to improving the quality of life for single, homeless adults through its hostels and support services.

The person appointed will have broad experience of working with homeless people and will have developed the professional skills necessary to deal successfully with a difficult and varied client group and to help them to achieve independence through maximising their potential.

In addition he/she will have the ability to integrate into a programme for the residents many new initiatives, including an employment training programme and a day centre for the mentally ill.

Responsibilities will include managing a large staff team and ensuring that all systems operating in the hostel are efficiently run. The Hostel Manager will be part of a policy making group within the organisation.

Salary: £17,800. 25 days holiday per annum. (Accommodation may be available).

DEPUTY GROUP MANAGER

North London

There is also a vacancy for a deputy to assist the manager, to run a varied group of hostels including a 12-bed project for elderly men, and a 30-bed project in Islington for men and women. The job involves managing the staff group and providing a range of support services to facilitate the development and resettlement of the residents.

Previous experience of support work with the homeless or other disadvantaged people is essential as is the ability to take reponsiblity in a demanding environment.

Salary c. £12,500 p.a.

If you would like to talk about either of these positions, please ring Carol Silverstone on 01 286 1358. Or to obtain an application form contact: **St Mungo Housing, 217 Harrow Road, London, W2 5XQ. Telephone 01 286 1358.**

Closing date for all applications : 6th October 1989.

ST MUNGO HOUSING SMH

A BETTER LIFE FOR THE HOMELESS

ST MUNGO'S AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

BIRMINGHAM VOLUNTARY SERVICE COUNCIL

PERSONAL SERVICE MANAGER

We need a Manager to run a busy department offering support to people experiencing financial hardship in Birmingham.

The successful applicant will have a background in social work with a CQSW or equivalent experience.

Starting salary £13,497.

For more information phone Betty Rawlings-Smith on 021-643 4343 or write for application form to BVSC, 138 Digbeth, Birmingham B5 6DR.

We are an equal opportunities employer.

Closing date Friday 9th September 1989.

AS A MATTER OF FAX: 01 739 9307

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LOCAL AUTHORITY FUNDRAISING SEMINAR

A national seminar to provide local authority officers with information and practical skills to raise money and resources — both for your own projects and those of voluntary organisations.

This, the second national seminar of its kind, has been revised and expanded in response to demand: with more topics and greater session choices.

The seminar takes place in London, October 30-November 1. The intensive three day programme includes:

- **16 different topics:** including how to secure business sponsorship; raising money from Government; funding environmental issues; tapping European funds; setting up trading companies; and making use of secondments.
- **12 expert speakers:** including fundgivers such as Robin Heal from BP and Des Palmer from Allied Dunbar; professional fundraisers such as Redmond Mullin, Bruce Reed from CERES, and Richard Downs from Interchange Associates; and case studies/advice from national bodies such as ARC, BTCV, CSV . . .
- **5 ways to benefit:** through practical workshops; open access to a comprehensive research library; consultancy opportunities; 'expert' sessions; and detailed documentation.

Of value to senior local authority officers in recreation, social services, economic development, youth and community, adult education, arts, libraries and environmental services. The seminar costs £435 + VAT (residential) and £325 + VAT (non-residential). For further details contact:

Clare Segal, Head of Marketing, The Management Centre,
9/15 Blackett Street, Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 5BS
Tel: 091 222 1632. Fax. 091 261 7002

LONDON 30 OCTOBER — 1 NOVEMBER 1989

Middlesex Polytechnic

STUDY PART-TIME FOR A DEGREE

Apply now to start in October on this popular part-time course, attending either Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, or Wednesday afternoon and evening, and leading to a

BA HONOURS IN SOCIAL SCIENCE

specialising in

☐ **SOCIAL POLICY or**

☐ **SOCIOLOGY OF DEVIANCE**

Designed to enhance the career prospects of those working professionally in the social services, the youth services, local government, the courts, education, nursing or the mass media, the course is open to those with appropriate qualifications or experience, or through the DipHE or OU courses.

Ask for ENQUIRIES on 01-368 1299 or write to: Enquiries (Ref. C583B), Middlesex Polytechnic, London N14 4XS.

Middlesex Polytechnic

Apply now to start this autumn on our new

MA/PGDip SOCIAL POLICY AND ADMINISTRATION

A new part-time evening course for those working in middle management in the public and voluntary sectors, focussing on the current reassessment of the role of the Welfare State.

The course tackles major areas of concern raised by changes in the policy making environment, including such questions as:

- are alternative forms of welfare services more effective than the State provision?
- are there limits to the resources available for the Welfare State?
- how appropriately are current resources distributed?

Attendance is two evenings a week at our Enfield location. Entry requirements are normally an honours degree in a social science or a relevant professional qualification. Those without these qualifications may be admitted after attending specified parts of the undergraduate programme.

Ask for ENQUIRIES on 01-368 1299 or write to: Enquiries (Ref. C584A), Middlesex Polytechnic, Bramley Road, London N14 4XS.

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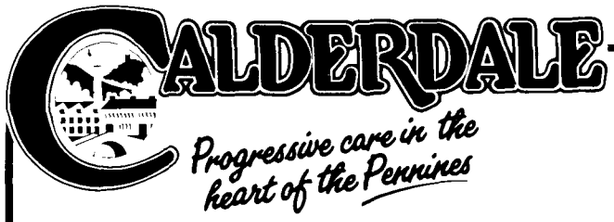

SOCIAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT

An exciting opportunity to join in our major development

Our Care in the Community Scheme for people with learning disabilities has made substantial progress throughout the past 3 years'. We have successfully established a Resource Centre and three small comfortable staff group homes for 24 individuals.

Officer-in-Charge

Ref: SCC001
RASC 8 £15,081-£16,260 pa

Having played a major role in the development of thescheme ,the previous postholder has been promoted to a senior position with another organisation. We seek, in his replacement, a person who can demonstrate the overall ability to not only maintain the pace of development but also to build on it as the scheme integrates with mainstream services.
will:
— hold a professional qualification (RNMH, CSS, CQSW)
— have been a Deputy Officer in Charge (or equivalent) for at least 2 years
— have substantial practice experience as a professional worker in the field of learning difficulty
— be a sound administrator
— be able to translate the principles of normalisation into operational management and practice

If you meet these criteria, we would be pleased to discuss the post further with you. Please telephone Alec Pearson, Principal Residential and Care Day Manager (Mental Health/Mental Handicap) or Mike Matthews, Residential and Day Care Officer (Mental Health) on Halifax (0422) 363561.

Previous applicants need not re-apply.

Interviews will be held on 23rd October 1989.

Officer-in-Charge

Ref: SCA001
RASC 8 £15,081-£16,260 pa

Our Care in the Community project, which is resettling 45 residents from psychiatric hospital care into a well-structured and integrated residential and day care service, meets both of the above objectives.

26 of the residents will be living in fully staffed group homes, which will be the responsibility of this post holder.

To continue and consolidate the progress already made, we intend to appoint an able, experienced mental health professional who is:
— an effective and efficient manager of people and resources
— able to work constructively in a multi-disciplinary team
— able to contribute effectively to strategy formulation
— able to exercise budgetary control
— professionally qualified (ie CSS, CQSW, RMN)

Interviews will be held on 16th October 1989.

Deputy Officer in Charge

Ref: SCA002
RASC 5 £11,301-£12,462 per annum (unqualified)
£12,060-£13,396 per annum (qualified)

We require a well motivated manager to share, in an influential way in the further development of a small management team in providing leadership to small staff teams located throughout the varied residential accommodation in the Halifax area. You should have an in-depth, high quality experience in the management and motivation of staff in residential mental health services, and it is desirable that you possess a relevant professional qualification (CSS, CQSW, RMN). Sleeping in duties will be required, as rostered with other senior staff.

Interviews will be held on 19th October 1989.

For further information about the above posts contact Mr A Principal , Residential and Day Care manager (Mental Health/Mental Handicap) or Mr M Matthews, Residential and Day Care Officer (Mental Health) on Halifax (0422) 363561.

Officer in Charge

Ref: STA001
RASC 5 £12,462-£13,824 pa

Turner Avenue South Hostel, Illingworth, Halifax, provides residential accommodation and professional support to adults with a wide range of learning difficulties. The Home's non-institutional character and its integral place in a Local Authority housing estate are important features in identifying it as part of the local community.

We're going to appoint a clear minded, forward thinking manager who has:
— a proven record in the management of staff and residential services for people with learning difficulties; this will have been gained through two years experience as a Deputy Officer in charge (or equivalent);
— an ability to translate the princples of normalisation into realistic and attainable Individual Care Plans;
— professional competence of a high order, which must have been mediated through a relevant training course (ie CSS, CQSW, RNMH).

Interviews are to be held on Friday 13th October 1989.

If you meet these criteria, we can help you to further develop your career. For an informal discussion about the post please contact Alec Pearson, Principal Residential and Day Care Manager (Mental Health/Mental Handicap) or Mike Matthews, Residential and Day Care Officer (Mental Health) on Halifax (0422) 363561.

Welfare Rights Officer

Ref S00320
SO1 £12,960-£13,824 pa

The main purpose of this new post is to promote the take-up of welfare benefits by users of the Department's services. Activity will focus on the provision of information, advice and assistance to staff on monitoring, playing a key role in formulating Committee policy and building on close co-operation with other agencies.

If you have knowledge and expertise in the welfare rights field and a good general education we would like to hear from you. You will need an enquiring and organised mind with drive and flexibility. An interest or experience in tribunal work and in training would be advantageous.

Calderdale offers a vigorous and pleasant environment in which to live and work. This post carries an essential car user allowance.

Interviews will be held on Friday 13th October 1989.

Suitable for job sharing.

AN APPLICATION FORM FOR THE ABOVE POSTS IS AVAILABLE FROM THE DIRECTOR OF SOCIAL SERVICES, WELLESLEY PARK, GIBBET STREET, HALIFAX, WEST YORKSHIRE HX2 0BA. TEL: HALIFAX (0422) 363561. APPLICATION FORMS TO BE RETURNED BY: 29TH SEPTEMBER 1989.

THIS COUNCIL IS COMMITTED TO BEING AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER AND SERVICE PROVIDER.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF CALDERDALE

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Deptford Family Resource Centre

Deputy Project Leader
Salary £13,644pa (inc. London Weighting)

This community based project offers a wide range of facilities and resources to improve services for local children and their families. These include families from Vietnam, West Africa and the wider Deptford community.

Mixing full day care, playgroups, creches and all kinds of groups for parents, makes the centre a busy place, and we need someone who can draw out the strengths of the staff team under pressure.

As you will be leading the childcare team, you should have at least four years' relevant experience and proven ability of managing staff. An anti-racist approach and a commitment to the needs of the community are both essential.

We would particularly welcome applications from people with experience of working with ethnic minority families.

For an application form and job description please send a large s.a.e. to Teresa Johnstone, SCF, 49 Goldhawk Road, London W12 8QT.

Closing date: 29th September 1989.

SCF aims to be an equal opportunities employer.

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ARBOURS

Applications are now welcome for the

Arbours Association training in Psychotherapy

This is a three year programme which follows one year introductory course. The training leads to a Certificate in Psychotherapy and to membership of the Association of Arbours Psychotherapists and our referral network.

The training is an intensive programme of lectures and seminars which cover the major aspects of analytically-oriented psychotherapy.

The course also offers a unique opportunity for direct clinical experience. This takes the form of extended placements at our Therapeutic Communities and Crisis Centre, where students, under supervision, can participate in group, individual and family therapy.

Students are required to be in psychotherapy throughout their training.

The course is designed to accommodate persons in full-time employment.

Some bursaries are available.

The next academic year starts from January, 1990.

For further details, please contact:
The Co-ordinator, The Arbours Association, 6 Church Lane, London N8. (Tel: 01-340 7646).

Courses

Are you unemployed, aged between 18 - 25, and interested in Applied Information Technology?

If you have a diploma, degree or equivalent in the Social Sciences you may be eligible for an 11 week course and recieve a training allowance of £90 per week for attending.

Course begins end of September.

Further details contact The Faculty of Life, Social and Communication Sciences on 01-283 1030 ext 563.

City Poly
City of London Polytechnic

DISABILITY BENEFITS TRAINING COURSES 1989

Means tested benfits for people with disabilities
Oct 17th

Benefits for young people with disabilities
Oct 24th

Cost: £45 per day

Details/ booking: Training/ Membership worker, Disability Alliance ERA, 25 Denmark St, London WC2H 8NJ

Meetings

THEOSOPHY. Informal meetings on Hypnotism/ Psychism September every Sunday 8 - 9pm S.A.E for information, ULT, 62 Queens Gardens, London W2.

Booksellers

SCARCE BOOK SERVICE list wants 01-876 7254. Hammersmith Books, High Street, London SW13 9LR.

Employment Wanted

LOYAL, DISCREET, experienced, competent, PERSONAL MANAGER, available to work for compatible person. London-based. Box (36) 736.

BRIGHT YOUNG THING with good writing, research, current affairs esp. Third World, NGO, wp experience, seeks freelance, part-time work as researcher/ assistant. Tel: 01-704 9191.

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Telephone the Classified Ad. Dept. 739 1645

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S.R.N.S.C.M.R.M.N. Qualified analytic councellor and psychotherapist Cassel cert. in Psychological family centred nursing. Certificates in family and marital therapy and large and small group work and a certificate in Eriksonian hypnosis seeks a part-time sessional position in the London Area. Particular interest is with nursing students or student health. Member of B.A.C. Telephone D. A. Lewis 402 9109.

Conferences

SEXUALITY AND WELLBEING: Issues in Health Care. A conference for nurses and other health care workers. Issues include:- Women and Aids. Safer Sex. The 'Asexual Patient', Sexuality and Gender in Professional Training. Date: Saturday 9th December 1989. Venue: Princess Alexandra College of Nursing, Philpot Street, London E.1. 2EA. Phone: 377-7423. For information contact Anthony Pryce (Tutor).

Agenda
Fri 29 Sept

SHAW SOCIETY. Friday, 29th September. Barbara Smoker on "Shaw and his money" at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Coffee 6.30 p.m. Meeting 7.0 p.m.

Property File

Property to Let

CANTERBURY, beautiful 8 bed 16th century community house. 3 acres, horses, goats, hens trout river. Enthusiastic, sharing vegetarians wanted. (Unemployed welcome). Tel. Martin 01 407 5555 x5130 (w) or 0227 738204 (H).

SELF CONTAINED FLATLET in farmhouse on small holding, beautiful quiet rural location, 6 miles Battle. Charing X 1hr 15mins. £60 weekly all in. Details 04243 - 6268.

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ALEXANDER TECHNIQUE. Individual lessons, evening classes and weekend workshops. Refia Sacks and Alan Mars, The Highbury Centre, 137 Grosvenor Avenue, London N5. 01-226 5805, 226 1815.

Holiday/Travel

SOUTHERN SPAIN self-contained apartment in old olive mill. 12 miles from coast. Beautiful and unspoilt. Tel: (0923) 857760.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA Small group - escorted tours; low cost flights, JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. or telephone (01) 747-8315.

Lectures

HAMPTON COURT PALACE. Ancient Greece. Tapestries. Heraldry. Stately Homes. List available. Illustrated lectures by Department of Environment lecturer. 949-8987.

LESLIE MORTON MEMORIAL LECTURE. John Saville on "The Labour Government and the Cold War 1945 - 47, a condemnation." Saturday September 30th, 2.30 pm, Marx House, 37a Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

Heartsearch

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London, N5 2DB. Tel: 01-226-5432.

SENSITIVE WRITER, HOME-OWNER, handsome, caring, middle-aged, no ties seeks sympathetic, congenial lady. Friendship, home-sharing, marriage if compatible. Write to Box (38) 825.

HAPPY INDEPENDENT WOMAN seeks warm, well-balanced, unattached man (48 - 56) to share friends, books, theatre, films, walking, travel. Tallish, non-smoking, vegetarian O.N.O. Leicestershire. Please write to Box (38) 826.

A GENTLEMAN of maturity and vitality, tall and slim, intelligent and sociable. House in London (SE) and France now closing down a small business and contemplating a change in life-style, would like to meet a Lady (say, 45 - 55) with independent mind and income. Time and developing mutual attraction could offer a new future together. Please reply to Box (38) 827.

MERSEYSIDE, single, never married male, aged 43, London School of Economics, London University graduate, former reporter on 'The Guardian' - now freelance writer. Christian with a liberal religious perspective accepting most selfless moralities, seeks democratic equal friendship with compassionate lady who has intelligent interests and who appreciates a well developed sense of humour. You can be shy or extrovert or in between. Your physical appearance is unimportant and your politics are immaterial. Please write to Box (38) 828.

LIVELY WOMAN, early 40's, more interested in personal affluence, seeks a lively, non-smoking London-based man to share varied interests, including creative arts, music. Photograph appreciated. Please write to Box (38) 829.

WORCS./WEST MIDLANDS MALE. Mid thirties and Greenpeace politics wishes to meet female of similar style for friendship or more. Please reply to Box (38) 830.

I'M FEMALE, FIT, FORTY; lively, loving, left-wing; alive to new opportunities; open to new experiences; based in the North West. Who are you? Would you like to meet? Box (38) 831.

NORTHERN LADY, young 50's, warm, attractive personality. Lover of travel, music, literature, people, conversation, quality living, seeks man with similar values to share the pleasures of life. Replies to Box (38) 832.

FUN, FANTASY, FROLICS 'n' FRIENDSHIP! John seeks similarly uninhibited woman (20 - 40), open, warm, affectionate, considerate, imaginative, highly sensual, for exciting close friendship (possibly more ?). Young 40's, nonsmoker. London. Write to Box (38) 833.

LIVELY-MINDED WOMAN in her 40s sought by reasonably intelligent middle-class, middle-height (but not middle-brow nor middle of the road), Mozart-loving London man. Please reply to Box (38) 834.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, professional, 48 yrs, seeks socialist male for fun, love and commitment. Please write to Box (38) 835.

IS THERE A HANDSOME MAN (25 - 35) to love me for my faults – my fat, my temper, my very high expectations - after all, who needs loving for their virtues? Pretty, overweight graduate (22) would like to hear from you. Photo please. Replies to Box (38) 836.

LOVING, ROMANTIC WOMAN 50'S, big, bright and beautiful, wants Northeastern man for companionship, caring, conversation, travel and excursions - also good times at home. Please write to Box (38) 837.

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We think we know a thing or two about alchemy at *TWO'S COMPANY!* We believe in a quietly considered approach to relationships, because we're rather sensitive to the way other people feel.
That's why we're so good at introducing people who belong together!
If you'd like to find out more about us, please contact us at: 92, New Cavendish Street, London W1M 7FA. Tel. 01 323 3435.

TWO'S COMPANY - *Where introductions are a gentle art!*

LADY, JUST RETIRED, still attractivde, 5'6", non-political, seeks marriage partner, also without children, enjoy retirement, Arts, food, make home, etc. Please reply to Box (38) 840.

MALE, PROFESSIONAL, late 40's, reconstituted widower, tall, OK looking; lapsed politico with appetite for life, laughter and the Arts. Seeks attractive responsive female 35 - 45 for all good things. London area. Please write with photo to Box (38) 841.

MULTI-DISCIPLINED CARIBBEAN gentleman, 45 desirous of meeting a high profile charismatic female with knowledge of the Third World, NS interests and Fringe Theatre. Aesthetics and physical characteristics are not essential. Please write to Box (38) 822.

ATTRACTIVE 55 YEAR OLD LADY, likes theatre, dancing, travel and home life. Seeks interesting, sensitive, solvent man, initially for friendship. Please reply to Box (38) 823.

PROSPEROUS COSMOPOLITAN supertramp 50+ London. Into Arts, journeys, National Trust, orientalia, gastronomy, gardens seeks lively woman for walks, talks, travels. Replies to Box (38) 824.

EDUCATED PROFESSIONAL MAN, sense of humour, 50-65, sought by warm, petite post-graduate woman, young 50, to share most NS interests during their best years. Please write to Box (36) 808.

RELAXED UNATTACHED MAN (41) enjoys outdoor pursuits, wine, music, Greece, conversation, seeks attractive none-smoking female 25 - 35 with similar interests for lasting relationship. Cumbria/N. Lancs/N. Yorks area. Photograph appreciated. Please reply Box (38) 838

W. COUNTRY - Retired Prof. woman active, slim, smoker, reader, thinker - Red/Green. Anyone, any age - for occasional walks. Please write to Box (38) 839.

CAREER WOMAN SOUGHT (any age; preferably child-free) for marriage with partial role-reversal, by man (38) who wants to give up his office job to work from home and enjoys most housework. Willing to relocate anywhere in the U.K., but as I don't drive urban locations with access to railway preferred. Box (37) 818.

ASIAN MARRIAGE AND FRIENDSHIP BUREAU INTERNATIONAL welcomes non-Asians. Multiple advantage. Wider choice. DNSS, 181 Melton Road, Leicester. Phone 0533-610266.

INTELLIGENT, BUSINESS-OWNING, divorced woman, early 50s, wants to meet a warm, honourable and well-educated man. East Anglia. Please write to Box (37) 817.

Cleopatra met Clark Gable at
DRAWING DOWN THE MOON
THE THINKING PERSON'S INTRODUCTION AGENCY
01-937 8880/938 2151

TALL PROFESSIONAL BLACK MALE, 29, S.E. London, interested in music, politics, and talking, seeks tallish, good looking professional female for long-term relationship. Please write to Box (36) 739.

WANTED: Male friends for companionship. If you want the pleasure of female company without the entanglements of a heterosexual relation- ship, take the plunge and answer this ad. Please write including phone number to Box (36) 807.

EDUCATED PROFESSIONAL MAN, sense of humour, 50-65, sought by warm, petite post-graduate woman, young 50, to share most NS interests during their best years. Please write to Box (36) 808.

AFFECTIONATE MAN, (37) successful in business with wide interests in theatre, literature and travelling, lives in London, currently separated. Seeks new friendships with attractive women aged 25-40. Please reply to: Box (35) 727.

VEGGY AND LONESOME? Wherever you are, ring 01-348 5229 (anytime).

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3095 Set by E O Parrott
Science fiction has attracted some unexpected authors. Extracts from this genre by Anita Brookner, Iris Murdoch, A A Milne, Jane Austen or P G Wodehouse. Max 200 words and entries to be in by 5 October.

No 3092 Set by Tom Foolery
Extracts from a new thriller: *Murder in the Shadow Cabinet*

Report by Grace Elegy
In the few quiet moments remaining before the start of term, and the next influx of students, the competition comes to take my mind off the never-ending task of thinking of new things to say about the same old books. I'm not sure of how my colleagues handle this problem since I invariably find they recollect some urgent task, which necessitates their rushing off that very second, every time I bring the subject up. There were four rather long outright winners which took up all the space, so the almost-made-its provoked little agonising. David Heaton gets a mention for writing about a big white cabinet in "the end bedroom", so positioned that it cuts out the light from the window and makes the room "quite gloomy". Twelve pounds to the winners.

Kaufman smoothed a damp hand over his glistening pate and looked again, with some distaste, at the bludgeoned corpse. His head swam as he contemplated the possibilities. Roy "The Hat" Hattersley had had many enemies: the party leader, envious of his effortless erudition; grassroots members, to whom he was a class traitor; Tories, mistrustful of his affable charm; *Guardian* readers tired of his ponderous ramblings; Rushdie supporters...

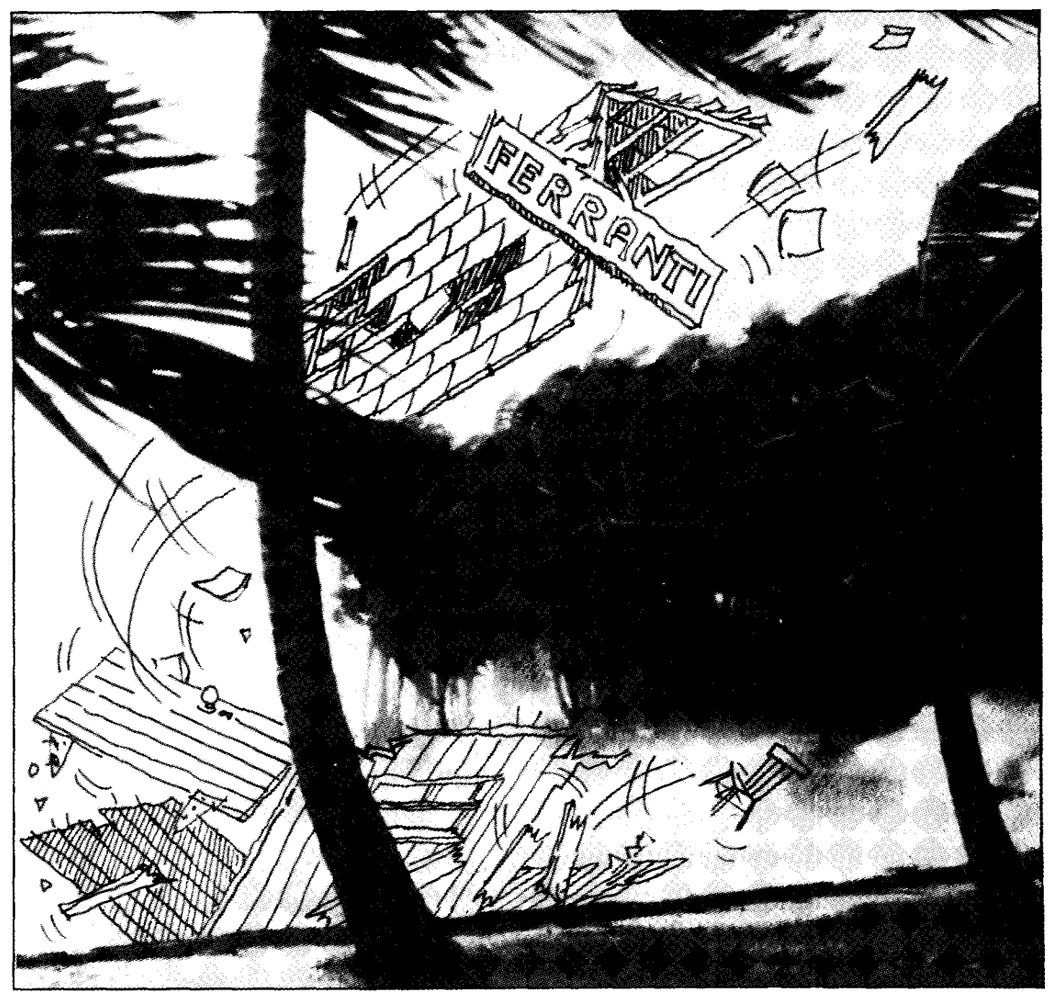
He started as young Meacher, his dapper, bespectacled assistant, burst in.

"By gum, boss, this is developing into a right royal how's-your-father and no mistake!" cried Meacher in an intriguing blend of cockney and *Coronation Street*. "The word's out it's an inside job."

"Christ!" Kaufman groaned. His mind reeled as he tried to remember their fellow Shadow Cabinet members. Kinnock, of course, then those smooth Scottish chaps with totally unmemorable names... er... not Healey or Benn... ah yes, Prescott, he looked the bludgeoning type... women, there must be some women, it was party policy surely?...

"They made a reet champion mess of 'im, there's no error," opined young Meacher cheerfully. Kauf-

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



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man's finely honed instincts suddenly pierced the gloom. Of course! Of course!

"Sorry, Michael," he murmered. "Let's stop the charade. Deluded by Roy's endless reminiscing about bull's eyes and backyard privies into thinking his northern working-class credentials even more impeccable than your own, you sneaked into The House, grabbed the mace..."

"Aye, lad," muttered Meacher. "It's a fair cop, guv'nor."

Peter Norman

The knife was buried neatly in his back, the torn cloth of the jacket tucked neatly into the wound in the manner beloved of political cartoonists. That's what it is, thought Inspector Percival, a cartoon murderer. Just a bit too stagey.

Sergeant Forbes evidently had no doubts. "Open and shut case, I'd say, sir. A straight unilateralist job."

"Hardly the act of a pacifist, Forbes. Try again."

"Lust for power, sir? Someone after his portfolio?"

"Which was... ?"

"Northern Ireland, sir."

"Precisely. So much for that little theory. No, Forbes, these political villains are devious as Hell. The crude symbolism of the stab in the back is a little too obvious; and when something's that obvious, shrewd men look the other way."

"You means the Tories? But I thought they liked the Shadow Cabinet the way it is."

"No; they like it the way it used to be. It's been a sight too peaceful for them recently. This is going to start the Labour lads off again, looking at each other and wondering who's going to be next."

"Ah, like the Ten Little..."

"That's right, the Ten Little Ethnic Minority Persons. Figuratively speaking, that is: there's none of *them* in the Shadow Cabinet, of course."

"So what's the next move?"

"Get a list of the Shadow Cabinet. Single out anybody with an obvious alias like Smith or Brown. Ten to one we'll have our closet Tory."

Noel Petty

"I did not know, nor did I, nor would I, dream, nor could I conceive at any time, place or circumstance, and rest assured—oh yes—that I would certainly and indubitably have spoken out about it had I done so in fact, that you had a butler, Roy," said Neil Kinnock to his loyal henchman, as the aforementioned butler handed round drinks to affable Bryan Gould, serious but kindly John Smith, and others.

"I don't normally have one," replied that worthy nonchalantly—a little too carelessly, insouciantly, and effortlessly? wondered Neil Kinnock to himself.

"I'd like to make it clear, to clarify and make plain the importance, urgency, necessity and sheer bloody importance of keeping this from members—any members whether they be photographers, reporters, leader writers, copy-tasters, interviewers or whatever they may be, I don't mind—of the press and media generally at this time."

"It's okay, he's only hired for the occasion and, in any case, if one of us just happens to get killed it's nice to have a ready scapegoat. It's always the butler who gets the blame."

"I see, observe, note, discern and"—Neil chose his words with care, "make out what you mean."

Jim Yorke

"... and the basic, essential, augmentative arguments against nuclear deterrence remain those I outlined to you all a few minutes ago. However, nonetheless, I propose that we get rid of our nuclear weapons and instead rely on civil defence as our deterrent."

"But Neil, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I propose issuing a rifle to every adult in the country. A rifle just like this one." He produced an old carbine from under his chair.

"The Americans—I mean, the Russians—will never dare to invade if they know that every man jack of us is armed and ready."

John Smith's eyes glinted.

"Do you mind if I have a look at that?" he asked.

"Sure," replied Neil, handing it over.

John handled the weapon roughly. There was a shot, a cry, and a man slumped forward—dead.

* * *

A week later, at the next shadow cabinet meeting, they all stood in silence for two minutes as a show of respect for their former colleague, Roy Hattersley.

When they'd sat down Neil began by saying that he'd had a change of heart over his defence policy.

"Guns are not a good idea," chipped in John Smith.

His eyes glinted.

"I propose that we issue hand grenades instead," he said. He quickly opened his briefcase and took out a real grenade.

"Here, Neil, have a look at this," he added, handing the object over to his esteemed leader.

Simon Herbertson

CHESS

Now that the series of World Cup *grand prix* tournaments has ended (the sixth and last finished in Skelleftea this month in a tie between Karpov and Kasparov), the main question is whether the Grandmasters' Association is likely to make any further progress with its main aim. By this I do not mean putting FIDE officials in their place or getting back at Campomanes. I take it that what the GMA is chiefly concerned with is pulling more money into chess at the grandmaster level. In this respect it is worth noting that probably the most important single factor in the career of any professional sportspeople is something over which they have no control whatsoever. You need to be born at the right time. The right time is shortly after some charismatic figure, who captures the public imagination and thereby succeeds in convincing people of the desirability of placing large cheques in the hands of other exponents. Proof of this proposition can readily be supplied. Even if Ben Hogan was really the best, the golfing millionaires are the ones who have followed Palmer and his army of fans down the fairway. Once McEnroe hads ranted in his supremely imitable way, wielding a racket became a more profitable line of business than ever it was for Rod Laver.

For winning the World Cup Kasparov was rewarded with a prize of $100,000. While that sum is certainly well above contempt, it does not represent any great rate of return for a gruelling contest that stretched over a period of 18 months. But what is his pulling power for future GMA projects? If this were solely a matter of personal qualities, the world champion would seem to fit the bill admirably. Even his most jealous rivals have to admit that there is something heroic about his style of play. An exuberant character, he is more photogenic than most, has an impressively brooding intensity at the board, loves to put on a show, and needs no prompting to become outspoken in several different languages. Considered as a marketable commodity, however, all these virtues are negated by the fact that he comes from the wrong part of the world to attract sponsorship. If only he were an American, or failing that a western European, he could preside over a steady stream of gravy. But the only American player in the World Cup, Seirawan, finished in the lower half of the *grand prix* standings. Two of the English GMs, Nunn (6th in the *grand prix*) and Short (7th equal with Beliavsky), did pretty well, but not well enough to issue any sort of challenge to the Kasparov-Karpov hegemony. So where the GMA goes from here is a real problem.

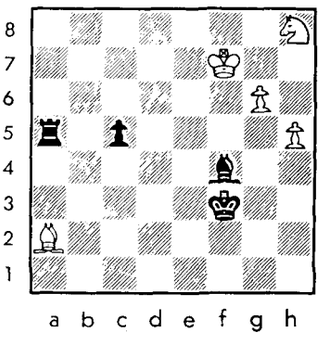
A prime example of someone born at the wrong time—in this case 1924—is David Bronstein. A legendary figure for as long as anyone can remember, he is almost exclusively known to modern practitioners as the man who blew his 1951 championship match against Botvinnik. A lively little tournament played in Bayswater earlier this month may well have been his last performance in Britain. He left us with an example of the sort of inspirational attack for which he was so feared in the 1950s.

Conquest—Bronstein, NatWest Young Masters. Caro-Kann Defence. 1 e4 c6 2 c4 d5 3 cxd5 cxd5 4 exd5 Nf6 5 Nc3 g6 6 Bc4 Bg7 7 Nge2 0-0 8 0-0 Na6 9 d4 Nc7 10 Nf4 b6 11 a4 Bb7 12 Qb3 Rb8 13 Be3 a6 14 Rfc1 g5 15 Nfe2 h6 16 h4 b5 17 axb5 axb5 18 Bd3 b4 19 hxg5 hxg5 20 Na4 Ncxd5 21 Bxg5 Qd6 22 Ng3 Ng4 23 Be2 Nxf2! The real Bronstein touch. If now 24 Kxf2 Bxd4+ 25 Ke1 the game might finish like this: 25... Ne3 26 Bxe3 Qxg3+ 27 Kd2 Bxe3+ 28 Qxe3 Rfd8+ 29 Bd3 Rxd3+ 30 Qxd3 Qf2+ 31 Kd1 Ba6! 32 Qd2 Be2+! 33 Kc2 b3+ etc. **24 Qf3 Bxd4 25 Nf5 Ng4+ 26 Kf1 Nh2+ 0-1**

To end with the endgame, there is just one correction to note to the award in our **Assiac Memorial Tourney**, but it concerns one of the joint first prizewinners. In the study by Timothy Whitworth (White Kc3, Ba2, Nh8, Pawns g6, h5; Black Kf3, Ra7, Be3, Pawn c7) the solution was: **1 g7! Bd4+ 2 Kxd4 c5+ 3 Ke5 Rxg7 4 Nf7 Kg4 5 Kf6 Rh7 6 Kg6 Rxh5 7 Be6+ Kh4 8 Bc4** and Black must move and surrender his Rook. But there is a cook, first spotted by the eagle eye of GM John Nunn. Instead of sacrificing the h-pawn White can win in a more prosaic manner by marching it home under the guidance of B+N with **3 Kc3 Rxg7 4 Bb1** to be followed by h6-7, N moves, and h7-h8. There is a charming little trick even in this line, the defence 4... Rg1 being defeated by 5 Bc2! (but not 5 Bg6? Rh1 6 Nf7 Kg4 7 h6 Rxh6! 8 Nxh6 Kg5 and draws) and now on 5... Rh1 White simply plays 6 Nf7 since 6... Rxh5 is skewered by 7 Bd1+. Instructive as the alternative solution is, from an artistic point of view it's a flaw.

Fortunately, all is not lost. With a little reshuffling Whitworth was able to repair his variation on the theme of zugzwang. The diagram below gives the new setting. White wins by **1 g7 Ra7+ 2 Kf6 Be5+ 3 Kxe5** and, as Whitworth says, we are back on the old track: **3... Rxg7 4 Nf7 Kg4 5 Kf6 Rh7 6 Kg6 Rxh5 7 Be6+ Kh4 8 Bc4!. I am very glad that the composer was able to preserve his idea. I must say, I even prefer the amended version.**

White plays and wins



George Botterill

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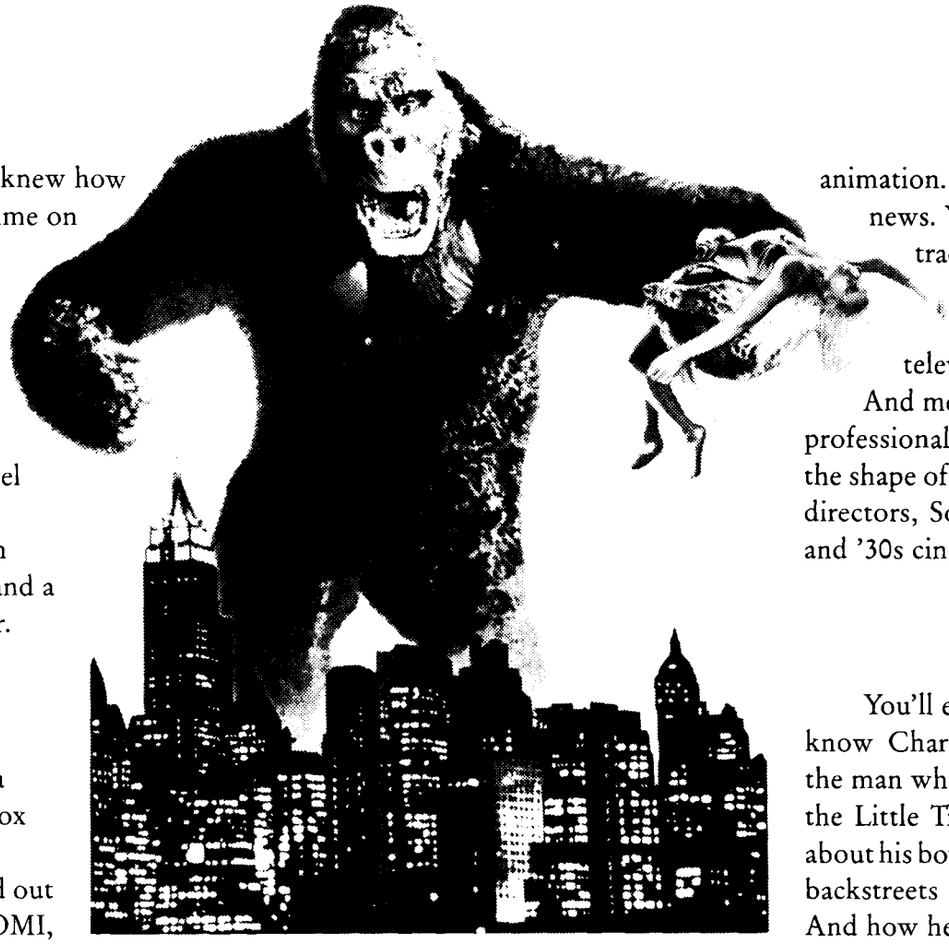
Out on the town?



If anybody knew how to have a great time on the town, it was King Kong.

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